The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The portrait of Mr. Coventry Patmore, appearing on the cover of our issue, is reproduced from "The Work of John S. Sargent, R.A.," by courteous permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Methuen and Co. for illustrations from "My Devon Year" and "The Secret Woman," and to Mr. James G. Commin for a number of pictures from "Dartmoor Illustrated." Other pictures have been reproduced by kind permission of the publishers from "The King in Exile" (Constable), "The Dickens Country" (A. and C. Black), "The Marriage of William Ashe" (Smith, Elder), "The Club of Queer Trades" (Harper).

We understand that there is a considerable probability of an American concession on the copyright question. There is a strong party inclined to give three months of grace to the English publisher and author. At present simultaneous publication is necessary in order to secure copyright. If the suggested amendment is carried out, the term of three months will be given. This would have been quite sufficient to save the American copyright of such works as "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," and would be hailed with thankfulness by the literary world on this side.

Miss M. Hamilton.
Author of "Cut Laurels."
Photo Lafayette.

Sir George Douglas is busily engaged in editing the Panmure Papers. The volume, which will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, will give much of the secret history of the Crimean War. Permission to use many letters of the Queen to Lord Panmure has been generously accorded.

We understand that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's new novel is not completed, though part of it has gone to press. It is doubtful whether it will appear in the spring. The rights of publication for this country and America have been bought by Messrs. Harper. Messrs. Harper also control the American publication of Mr. Swinburne's works, and they will publish in due course the Shakespeare papers which have appeared in their magazine from Mr. Watts-Dunton and Mr. Swinburne.

Mr. Alphonse Courlander, whose "Taskmaster" was generally acknowledged to be a first novel of unusual promise, has completed a new book which Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish early this month. It will be called "Seth of the Cross." The story, which is laid partly in Wiltshire, partly in London, is said to show a remarkable advance on the part of its still very youthful author, who is

now on the Paris staff of the *Daily Chronicle*. Though Mr. Courlander is a novelist of the "Hardy" school, the interest of his new book is not entirely centred on pictures of rural life. Seth is a road-mender who develops literary ambitions and goes to London to experience disillusionment. The novel is of a tragic cast, and ends with a powerful scene in which Seth falls a victim to the cowardly frenzy of the brother who had wronged him in his love.

Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., has printed for private circulation his translation of Goethe's Roman Elegies.

Mr. Edward Noble's new novel, "Waves of Fate," will be dedicated to Mr. Coulson Kernahan, "in grateful acknowledgment of a word which brought hope at a time when one foresaw failure."

Messrs. Constable will signalise "Nelson's Year" by a really full and trustworthy biography of Emma, Lady Hamilton. This biography, which will represent the relations of Nelson and Lady Hamilton in an entirely new light with the aid of much new material, both documentary and iconographic, is approaching completion at the hand of Mr. Walter Sichel.

A detailed critical biography of the first of French dramatists has long been recognised as a desideratum in English. Such a life of Molière, with a minute analysis of his chief efforts in characterisation and of the plots of the more important plays, has been in preparation for some time by Mr. H. A. Trollope, the son of the novelist, and will be published in the course of the summer by Messrs. Constable.

Mr. Cahan's novel "The White Terror and the Red," which is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, has a special significance at this time, inasmuch as it affords a dramatic parallel between the recent assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius and that of his father Alexander II., as described in Mr. Cahan's book.

Mr. Carl Joubert has yet another book in the press dealing with Russia. It is historical in character, and traces the growth of the various elements in Russian history which have mainly contributed to the present disaster. Public interest in Russia—past and present—continues to be extraordinarily keen, and is by no means sated with the flood of journalism on the subject. Mr. Hugo Ganz's remarkable book is still in constant demand, and of Mr. Joubert's recent volume, "Russia as It Really Is," Mr. Eveleigh Nash is now preparing to issue a seventh edition.

Mr. Percy White, whose recent humorous novel, "The System," is already in a third edition, has gone to reside permanently in France. Another deserter from London is Mr. Morley Roberts, whose readers will all wish him restored health in his new home in Sussex.

Dr. J. G. Robertson, Professor of German in the University of London, and author of "A History of German Literature," will publish immediately, *apropos* of the Schiller centenary on May 9th, a small half-crown volume entitled "Schiller after a Century." Dr. Robertson was formerly lecturer in English at Strassburg University.

The Pitcairns of Fife, whose History, written by a descendant, is in the Press, are said by Nesbit to have "lived on the Pitcairn lands from time immemorial." One of the family was Secretary of State to King James VI., and Ambassador to Queen Elizabeth. The author, Miss Constance Pitcairn, is a daughter of the late Canon Pitcairn, Vicar of Eccles.

Mr. John Stirling, the author of "Our Regiments in South Africa," will publish shortly a similar work dealing with the Colonial corps which took part in the war.

Madame Albanesi has written a new novel called "Marian Sax," which will be published this month. Unlike "Capricious Caroline," the book, we understand, is sensational rather than psychological.

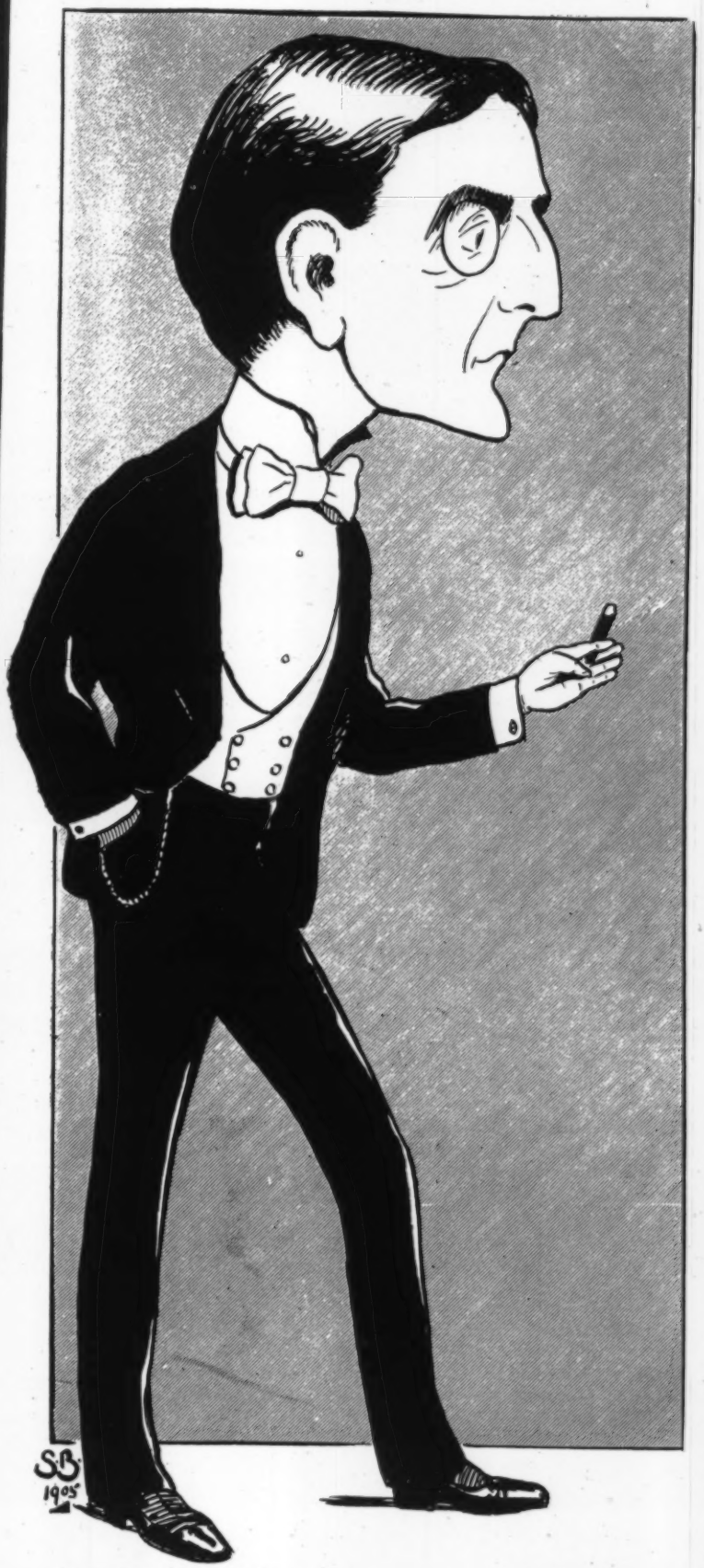
Mr. Norman Duncan, whose fine book "The Way of the Sea" met with unanimous critical approval in this country, has written a new work of a specially interesting character. It is entitled "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," and is virtually a biography of the celebrated missionary of Labrador. Dr. Grenfell, an old Oxford man, has lived and worked among the deep-sea fishermen for more than twenty years.

By a coincidence, Dr. Grenfell himself is at the same time announced to publish his reminiscences, under the title of "The Harvest of the Sea." The author has a thrilling story to tell of hardships, danger and adventure.

Mr. Michael J. F. McCarthy, the author of "Rome in Ireland," and other notable books dealing with the present condition of Ireland, will break new ground in a volume which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue in a few weeks' time. It is entitled "The Coming Power—a Contemporary History of the Far East from 1898 to 1905." During the last six years events in the East have marched with an unexampled rapidity. The need is obvious of a book that will present a brief and lucid synopsis. Mr. McCarthy has already proved himself a skilful expositor.

The completest Bibliography of Bibliographies yet in existence—a work which few big libraries can afford to be without—is expected in April in two closely printed demy octavo volumes (Constable), with over two hundred columns of index. The compiler, Mr.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.



From a drawing by Stuart Boyd.

A. E. W. Mason.

W. P. Courtney, brother of Mr. Leonard Courtney, and author of the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*, has been collecting materials for the work for upwards of twenty years. The English portion of the materials is drawn from the British Museum, where he has been working at its arrangement since 1899 with the aid of several assistants; the foreign part is based upon the well known bibliography of Henri Stein.

Dr. Robert Lamb, of Wentworth Falls, New South Wales, whose work, "Saints and Savages: the Story of Five Years in the New Hebrides," will be published by Messrs. Blackwood during April, is an Edinburgh graduate in Medicine and Divinity. We understand his book contains an account of student life at the University and New College, together with reminiscences of Professor Turner, now Principal Sir William Turner, K.C.B., Professor A. B. Davidson—"the prince of teachers and lecturers"—Professors Chiene, Rutherford, Thomas Smith, and others.

Mr. Charles Marriott, author of "The Column," has ready a new novel called "The Man in Armour," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish immediately. Before the publication four years ago of his first novel, which was an immediate success, Mr. Marriott had an interesting career. At fifteen he was in training as a photographer; some years later he qualified as a dispenser at Apothecaries' Hall. And for three years he acted as "dispenser and photographer" at the Rainhill County Asylum.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish immediately a new volume by the author of "Strawberry Leaves," the secret of whose anonymity is still carefully concealed. A large edition of the new book, which is called "A Maid at Large," has been exhausted before publication.

Dr. John Davidson, Examiner in Political Economy at Edinburgh University, and formerly Professor of Political Economy in the University of New Brunswick, is engaged on a History of Early Scottish Commerce. Dr. Davidson is the author of works on Colonial Trade Policy and The Bargain Theory of Wages.

Iseult of Brittany.
From the original drawing in crayons by Miss E. Fortescue Brickdale, by permission of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, The Leicester Galleries.
(Reproduced in "Women Painters of the World.")

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

February 20th to March 20th, 1905.

Of recent years the Spring season has proved an increasingly popular time for the issue of new works, and one of the most cogent of reasons is doubtless the fact that a book stands far more chance of claiming especial attention than in the whirl and rush of the autumn, when the multitude of publications tends to bewilder the ordinary reader. Many indications, however, point to a somewhat less numerous output during the present time, the contributory causes being a somewhat limited public purse, and a foreboding that possibly a General Election may take place, which event always exercises a deadening effect upon the book trade.

Although the demand has generally continued to be quiet, a slightly perceptible increase upon the preceding period has been apparent. Notably has this been the case with regard to fiction, which has indeed proved the predominant feature in the transactions of the month, and has materially aided in raising business above what would otherwise have proved a dull period.

The output of six-shilling novels has been numerous, and several of the more recent volumes by popular authors were on their appearance at once in much request. Amongst the most freely selling of these have been "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn, the author of the formerly famous "Visits of Elizabeth"; "Barham of Beltana," by W. E. Norris; and "The Return of Sherlock Homes," by A. Conan Doyle. "The Golden Bowl," "An Act in a Backwater," "Peter's Mother," "Aunt Phipps," "The House of Merrilees," "The Edge of Circumstance," and "The Tempestuous Petticoat," together with other volumes mentioned in previous reports, have all been in constant request.

"De Profundis," a posthumous volume from the pen of that gifted but wayward genius, Oscar Wilde, has attracted, both in the press and elsewhere, a considerable amount of attention, and the sales justify its being classed as probably the leading item of the month.

A few works of a theological nature have been much in evidence and merit special notice, notably "Outlines of the Life of Christ," by Dr. W. Sanday; "The Bible, its Origin and Nature," by Marcus Dods; "The Diary of a Churchgoer," and the already successful "Do We Believe?"

"In Watchings Often," by E. E. Holmes, has proved to be the most popular of the present Lenten publications, which up to the present are by no means numerous. A second impression of the above has already been necessary.

Events move at the present day with such rapidity that once a subject becomes a matter of history attention quickly exhausts itself, but the two books respectively by E. Candler and P. Landon, upon the hitherto little known Lhasa, have continued to exercise their hold upon the public.

The same may be said of Carl Joubert's "Truth About the Czar," and "Russia as it Really is," which, together with "A Secret Agent in Port Arthur," have each continued to extend their number of purchasers.

Among miscellaneous successful items Schofield's "Nerves in Order," Fernie's "Meals Medicinal,"

Ophelia.
After a painting by Miss Offor (Mrs. F. Littler), from a photograph by the Autotype Co.
(Reproduced in "Women Painters of the World.")

Maxim Gorky.

"The Life of Chatham," forming the concluding volume of the Twelve English Statesmen Series, and the new volume in the Literary Lives on "Coventry Patmore" have all been prominent.

The recent death of Mr. Guy Boothby caused an increased demand for several of his works, more especially "A Crime of the Underseas," and a former issue entitled "In Spite of the Czar," both at five shillings.

Another very successful venture has been the reproduction in collected form of 160 drawings by Arthur Moreland, entitled "Humours of History," which have appeared in the columns of a daily contemporary, many hundreds having been quickly disposed of.

"Creatures that once were Men" and "Three of Them," both by Maxim Gorky, have also sold freely.

Sixpenny reprints are again commencing to assert themselves.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:—

Six-Shilling Novels.

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)
The Garden of Allah. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)
Peter's Mother. By Mrs. de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder.)
The Return of Sherlock Holmes. By A. C. Doyle. (Newnes.)
Aunt Phipps. By Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson.)
An Act in a Backwater. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
The Prospector. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Edge of Circumstance. By Edward Noble. (Blackwood.)
The House of Merrilees. By A. Marshall. (A. Rivers.)
A Tempestuous Petticoat. By Robert Barr. (Methuen.)
The Golden Bowl. By H. James. (Methuen.)
Barham of Beltana. By W. E. Norris. (Methuen.)

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. 5s. net. (Methuen.)
In Watchings Often. By Rev. E. E. Holmes. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)
Russia as it really is. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
The Truth about the Czar. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Outlines of the Life of Christ. By W. Sanday. 5s. net. (T. and T. Clark.)
The Bible: Its Origin and Nature. By Marcus Dods. 4s. 6d. net. (T. and T. Clark.)
Do We Believe? 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Diary of a Churchgoer. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Lhasa Unveiled. By E. Candler. 15s. net. (E. Arnold.)
Lhasa. By Percival Landon. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Nerves in Order. By A. T. Schofield. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Meals Medicinal. By W. T. Fernie. 9s. (J. Wright.)
Coventry Patmore. By E. Gosse. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Chatham. By Frederic Harrison. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
In Spite of the Czar. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (John Long.)
A Crime of the Underseas. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Humours of History. By A. Moreland. 6d. net. *Morning Leader.*
Three of Them. By Maxim Gorky. 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Sixpenny Reprints.

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Feb. 25—Fairly brisk in Home Trade.
March 4—A quiet week.
" 11—An increased demand. Export brisk.
" 18—Demand well sustained.

(2) SCOTLAND.

February 20th to March 20th, 1905.

The Spring publishing season brought with it announcements of many important books, notably of Standard English Classics in popular form, and at prices within the reach of all.

Another feature was the issue of shilling novels bound

Photo Kate Pragnell. **Miss Una Silberrad.**
Author of "The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell."

in cloth, and books of permanent value similar to Mark Rutherford's works, for which there continued a steady sale. In this connection mention may be made of the interest excited in Maxim Gorky's writings, and, in fact, in all books treating of Russian social life and the present condition of that Empire.

A worthy addition to the already well known "Art and Life Library" was that called "The Women Painters of the World." This volume was heartily welcomed by all customers of artistic tastes, and being profusely illustrated, was recognised at once as a unique publication claiming special attention.

Spring-like weather reminded booksellers to consider their supplies of Tourist Maps for cyclists and motorists, and the appearance of a new edition of Hodgson's "Book on Trout Fishing," brought with it anticipations of the trade done with sportsmen.

Two theological works, Professor Sanday's "Outlines of the Life of Christ," and Professor Marcus Dods' "The Bible: Its Origin and Nature," especially the latter, were immediately on publication recognised as of special merit, and sold easily.

The shilling volume, "When it was Dark," by Guy Thorne, had an extraordinary sale, evidently far beyond the expectations of the publishers. The attention given to it by the clergy, and particularly that by the Bishop of London, contributed largely to its success.

A number of six shilling novels by the best writers were prominent in orders received, and of these the following proved to be the favourites in the libraries:—"The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Peter's Mother," by Mrs. de la Pasture; "The Rebel Wooing," by J. A. Steuart; "Shining Ferry," by "Q"; "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn; and "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by Conan Doyle.

From supplies received by booksellers and intimations made by the leading publishing houses it was evident that the sixpenny reprint would bulk as largely as ever during the summer season. Those found to be the most asked for were "The Welsh Witch," "Hagar of the Pawnshop," "The Plunder Ship," "For God and the Czar," "The Unclassed," "The Idol of the Town," "That Frenchman," and "The Lake of Gold."

The following is our list of best selling books:—

Miscellaneous.

The Truth about the Czar. By C. Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Russia as it Really is. By C. Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Three of Them. By Maxim Gorky. 1s. net. (Unwin.)
When it was Dark. By Guy Thorne. 1s. (Greening.)
De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde 5s. net. (Methuen.)
Women Painters of the World. 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net (Hodder.)
Methuen's Shilling Novels.
The Bible: Its Origin and Nature. By Marcus Dods. 4s. 6d. (Clark.)
Trout Fishing. By W. E. Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Six Shilling Novels.

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Peter's Mother. By Mrs. H. de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder.)
Shining Ferry. By "Q." (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Castle of Shadows. By Mrs. Williamson. (Methuen.)
The Rebel Wooing. By J. A. Steuart. (Hutchinson.)
The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
John Chilcote. By Mrs. Thurston. (Blackwood.)
The Return of Sherlock Holmes. By Conan Doyle. (Newnes.)
Lord Eversleigh's Sins. By V. Tweedale. (Long.)
The Secret Woman. By E. Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
The Gate of the Desert. By J. Oxenham. (Methuen.)
Old Gorgon Graham. By G. H. Lorimer. (Methuen.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

APRIL 5—MAY 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

April 5th.

"RITA."—Queen Lady Judas, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
HAYNES, F. W.—A Prima Donna's Romance, 6s. ... (Hutchinson)

April 6th.

ZOLA, Emile.—Paris. Cheap Ed. 6d. ..... (Chatto and Windus)

April 7th.

WELLS, H. G.—A Modern Utopia, 7s. 6d. ... (Chapman and Hall)

April 11th.

RAINE, ALLEN.—Hearts of Wales, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
FELLOWS, CHARLES.—Mr. Chippendale of Port Welcome, 6s. (Hutchinson)

April 13th.

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Missing Elizabeth, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)

April 14th.

PERRIS, G. H.—Russia in Revolution, 10s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)

April 17th.

RUSKIN, JOHN.—The Stones of Venice. Pocket Ed. Illus. Vol. II. 3s. 6d. net, and 4s. 6d. net ..... (George Allen)
READE, CHARLES.—A Terrible Temptation. Cheap Edition. 6d. ..... (Chatto and Windus)

April 18th.

GERARD, DOROTHEA.—The Three Essentials, 6s. (Hutchinson)
BRADDEN, M. E.—The Rose of Life, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)

April 27th.

BARRATT, FRANK.—The Error of her Ways, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
MACAULAY, LORD.—History of England. Vol. II. New Edition. 2s. net, 3s. net ..... (Chatto and Windus)

April 28th.

REID, G. ARCHDALE.—The Principles of Heredity, 12s. 6d. net. ..... (Chapman and Hall)
BURLEIGH, BENNETT.—The Russo-Japanese War, 6s. net. (Chapman and Hall)
CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The Brooding Wild, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

May 1st.

TILTON, DWIGHT.—My Lady Laughter, 6s. ... (Dean and Son)

May 3rd.

RUSKIN, JOHN.—The Stones of Venice. Vol. III. Illus. Pocket Edition. 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. net. (George Allen)

May 4th.

STEVENSON, R. L.—The Merry Men. New Edition. 2s. net, 3s. net ..... (Chatto and Windus)

May 5th.

FURNISS, HARRY.—Poverty Bay, 6s. ..... (Chapman and Hall)

During the Month, Dates not Fixed.

JEBB, RICHARD.—Studies in Colonial Nationalism, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Edward Arnold)
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Unto this Last, Time and Tide, etc. Vol. XVII., Library Edition. Illustrated. 25s. net. (George Allen)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Who Giveth this Woman? 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
SHORTER, DORA SIGERSON.—The Country House Party. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
CAHAN, ABRAHAM.—The White Terror and the Red. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
KEITH, MARIAN.—Duncan Polite. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
CONRAD, STEPHEN.—The Second Mrs. Jim. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
BARRY, WILLIAM.—Renan. 3s. 6d. ... (Hodder and Stoughton)
MACPHERSON, HECTOR.—Scotland's Struggle. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton)
DUNCAN, R. K.—The New Knowledge. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton)
McCARTHY, M. J. F.—The Coming Power. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
LAMBERT, Rev. F. C.—The Practical Photographer's Annual for 1905. 1s., 1s. 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton.)
MEADE, L. T.—Virginia. 6s. ..... (Digby, Long and Co.)
ELLIS, DEAN.—A Raw Probationer. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)
MEADOWS, ALICE MAUD.—I Charge You Both. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)
GORST, Mrs. HAROLD.—This Our Sister. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)
MACQUOID, KATHERINE S.—A Village Chronicle. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)
SMITH, ELLEN ADA.—First in the Field. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Dreamers. 6s. (Digby, Long and Co.)

THE READER.

THREE NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY.*

By A. St. John Adcock.

I HAVE long suspected that the average reader was a much maligned person, and with the passing of years this nebulous suspicion has rounded into certainty. He is patronised, pitied, bullied and scorned by superior critics and authors because, obstinately making a pleasure of his reading instead of a martyrdom, he will not read what does not interest him. The fact is that if a book is not interesting it is not artistic; and this is especially so in the case of novels. A very correctly written but eminently dull work of fiction appeared the other day with a complacent preface strutting through its first pages to inform the average reader in lofty terms that this book was not for him, and that he must seek elsewhere the provender that was suited to his poor palate. So far as one can see, the average reader has accepted that advice in all humility, and acted upon it; and I don't believe that any critic can lay his hand on his heart and blame him.

This same superior attitude is adopted towards the average reader by many authors and by many critics: because he is not weakly prepared to sink his own opinions and lay out his money on the works they think he ought to admire, they assume that he can have no appreciation for what is best in literature. This is a mistake; we are all liable to make one now and then. I, in common with other writing men, may have my private and particular reasons for thinking that the average reader does occasionally overlook a good thing, but surely that is less his fault than his misfortune: it may be accounted to him for carelessness, but can hardly be taken as evidence of his unintelligence. I do think, too, that we who are addicted to the habit of reviewing should approach a new book in, at least, a tolerant spirit, always bearing in mind that although the man who wrote it is not a professional critic, it really is possible that he knows as much of the art he practises as do we who only criticise it.

The chatter about "Art," indeed, is considerably overdone in our days. We are too sure that we know all about it; its cant phrases are on the lips of all of us; and yet we seem to be agreed that modern literature does not contain much of the real thing. I am sometimes haunted with a fear that we are merely illustrating the truth that a man is not necessarily full of meat

"Because he talks with victuals in his mouth."

There were no reviewers, and scarcely any critics in Shakespeare's time; though some of us are apt to forget it, language was not invented by the grammarians, and Art existed before any critic was born to lay down the rules of it. We are all so pleased with our little pet theories that we emphatically denounce whatever will not square with them, instead of remembering that Art fulfils itself in as many ways as Nature does, and is not a thing of exact measurements to be cut always to one everlasting pattern. All rigid critical dogmas are simply hampering, and in no way helpful; they cramp and retard a natural growth and development and, clinging timorously to old precedents, would reduce all Art to a mere matter of mechanical skill and training, such as goes to the fashioning of a Dutch garden.

You remember Butler's conception of the ideal critic, and that his truest and most useful function was to emulate the

"Sort of flies that breed
In wild fig trees, and, till they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done."

Anyhow, I fancy the time has come for us to leave off trying to instruct the artist how his work should have been done, and to be contented to express our opinion of it as it stands, and to do even that without too much cocksureness. Between ourselves, the past is all against us. Where are the men we bolstered into fame, in defiance of the

Dart.

"Dart is a young and happy river still."

(Reproduced from Eden Phillpotts' "My Devon Year," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

* "The Secret Woman." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.) "John Chilcote, M.P." By Katherine Cecil Thurston. 6s. (Blackwood.)
"The Garden of Allah." By Robert Hichens. 6s. (Methuen.)

Watchett Hill Farm.

"It revealed neither the naked dignity of absolute poverty, nor the self-respecting air of success."
(Reproduced from Eden Phillpotts' "The Secret Woman," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

average reader? And where are the men whom we contemptuously dismissed back to their gallipots, or of whom we scornfully predicted (as some of us did, you recollect, of Dickens when we reviewed his first half dozen books) that "an ephemeral popularity will be followed by an early oblivion"? We may dogmatise, and give ourselves airs of omnipotence, but it won't do. We are not agreed among ourselves as to what are the fundamental principles of Art; we really do not know everything about it, and once we arrive at that knowledge we shall probably recognise that the average reader is not altogether the raw and ignorant Philistine we imagined, and that when he has insisted on using the legs of his own intellect, as it were, instead of availing himself of our ingenious mechanical go-carts, his obstinacy has mostly been rooted in something better than bad taste.

Of course, one cannot reasonably expect him, immersed as he is in the anxieties of every-day business pursuits, to have a soul above all but the very highest in literature; his alienation from poetry and the *belles lettres* is inevitable, in the circumstances—for these be essentially the delights of leisure and a life of quietness; but if he had as little discrimination in literary matters, and were as completely devoid of taste as some of us make out, you would not find among the popular novels of the day such books as "The Garden of Allah," "The Secret Woman," or even "John Chilcote, M.P."

I say "even," in the case of "John Chilcote," in view of the lofty doctrine that condemns a novel at once if it is melodramatic. But melodrama, though it may not be Art of the highest kind, is nevertheless perfectly good Art—if it is good melodrama. In the life of every great city, with its sharp contrasts, its feverish excitements, its violent horrors and delights, there is far more of vivid melodrama than of real comedy or legitimate tragedy, and no novelist can interpret such life righteously and give it that shape and colour of truth that is the end of all Art if he coldly and nigglingly eliminates all melodrama from it.

"John Chilcote" is given over almost wholly to melodrama, and within the limits such a course imposes, it is an excellent and an artistic piece of work. It makes very free use of coincidence and timely happenings; it strays often to the perilous verge of impossibility, yet never steps over into the impossible. Granted that two men could so closely resemble each other as do John Chilcote and John Loder—and we know that, as a fact, likenesses of this sort are not uncommon—then all that follows is so plausibly contrived as to be, at least, probable.

Chilcote is a morphia maniac. A man of good family, he has made a brilliant first speech in Parliament, and his party has great hopes of him. But the drug habit has shattered his nervous system and sapped all his energies; he is broken and demoralised, dreads responsibility, but cannot subdue his ruinous weakness, and is always meanly and painfully striving to conceal it. The meeting in a fog with John Loder opens a way to him out of his difficulties. They are so strikingly like each other that if they changed places, with enough of care and discretion, nobody could reasonably doubt their identities: Loder, who is poor and ambitious, but has been thwarted and kept down by his poverty, could take Chilcote's seat in the House, revive his flagging reputation, and save the honour of his name, while Chilcote himself, secluded in the other's squalid chambers in Clifford's Inn, could relax and surrender himself utterly to the fatal self-indulgence that is rapidly dehumanising him.

Loder's scruples succumb to argument; in the new life under the other's name he may achieve all he had given up hoping for, and the temptation is irresistible; so, after certain days have been spent in needful preparation, the two men change clothes and identities, and it is Loder who lets himself into Chilcote's house one night with Chilcote's latchkey and in Chilcote's name.

"Like all other experiments, his showed unlooked-for features when put to a working test. Its expected difficulties smoothed themselves away, while others, scarcely anticipated, came into prominence. Most notably, the physical likeness between himself and Chilcote—the universal factor and bedrock of the scheme—which had been counted upon to offer most danger, worked without a hitch. He stood literally amazed before the sweeping credulity that met him upon every hand. Men who had known Chilcote from his youth—servants who had been in his employment for

years—all joined issue in the unquestioning acceptance. At times the ease of the deception bewildered him: there were moments when he realised that should circumstances force him to a declaration of the truth he would not be believed. Human nature prefers its own eyesight to the testimony of any man."

Once or twice, he is suddenly recalled to Clifford's Inn by a message from Chilcote, who desires to resume the life he has abandoned, and so doing mars for a time the name that Loder's capability and healthy activity had been refurbishing; but he soon wearies and is glad to hand the reins over again to his substitute. Nevertheless, these apparent relapses and abrupt changes of habit and manner add immensely to the dangers and difficulties of Loder's undertaking, and in the end precipitate a climax which, instead of bringing about his exposure, permanently confirms him in his position. Chilcote is married; but his marriage had been one of convenience. He and his wife have no love for each other; they occupy their separate chambers, and see practically nothing of each other except when they are together at some social function that his public position will not allow him to ignore. So no complication is anticipated from that direction, nor does any arise till hearing and seeing much of her husband in his altered and nobler guise she begins, at last, to fall in love with him. But by this, Loder has grown to love her, in spite of himself, and loves her with an exalted passion that will not allow him to wrong her, or to continue deceiving her.

The ending, which leaves them happy in their love, is as frankly melodramatic as anything in the book; but the story throughout is ingeniously constructed, cleverly written, and absorbingly interesting. It fully deserves its success, and its success is a good sign; for since people always have loved and always will love the sensational story, it is satisfactory to find them showing such marked preference for what is, in the writing and the craftsmanship of it, one of the best of its type.

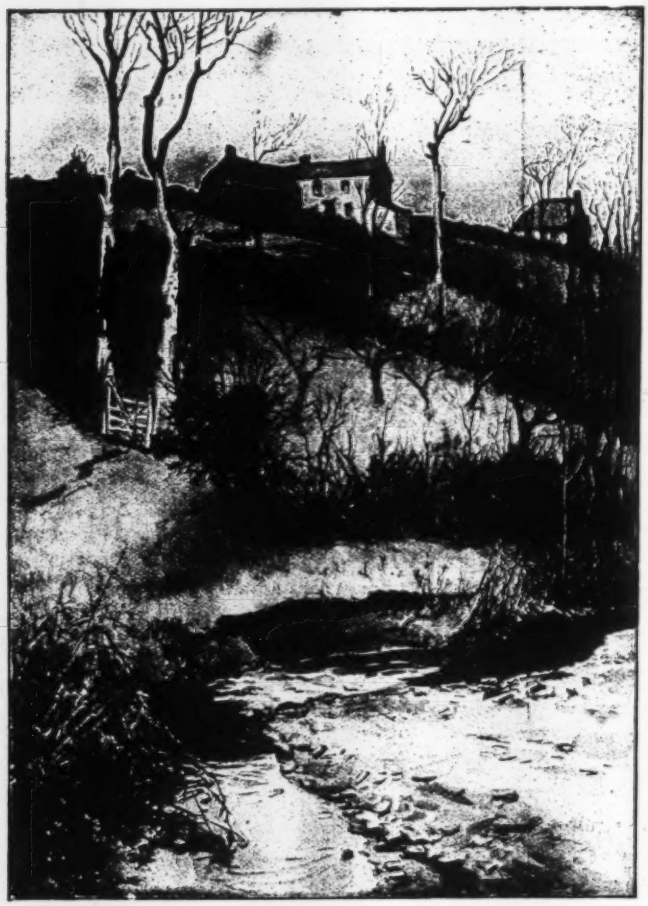
It were manifestly absurd to attempt any kind of comparison between "John Chilcote" and such novels as "The Garden of Allah" and "The Secret Woman"; not so much because the Art of these latter two is a greater, as because it is a very different thing. A wax figure is not to be compared with a marble statue, yet each in its kind may be artistically perfect; the difference is inherent in the material.

Mr. Hichens' novel is steeped in the glamorous atmosphere, the strangeness, the mystery, the wonderful loneliness of the Great Desert—that "Garden of Allah" from which its title is derived. Thither, after the death of her father, goes Domini Enfilden. She was "thirty-two, unmarried, and in a singularly independent—some might have thought a singularly lonely—situation. Her father, Lord Rens, had recently died, leaving Domini, who was his only child, a large fortune. His life had been a curious and a tragic one," and she had lived with him in the shadow of the shame and misery that her mother had brought upon them both. Like her mother, she was of the gipsy type, and had been reared in the Roman Catholic faith. Weary of the shadowed and cramped existence she had so long led with her father, she is flying now into the desert, filled with an eager desire of escape from the past and everything that could remind her of it. "She wanted freedom, a wide horizon, the great winds, the great sun, the terrible spaces, the glowing, shimmering radiance, the hot, entrancing noons and bloomy, purple nights of Africa. She wanted the nomads' fires and the acid voices of the Kabyle dogs. She wanted the roar of the tom-toms, the clash of the cymbals, the rattle of the negroes' castanets, the fluttering painted fingers of the dancers. She wanted—more than she could express, more than she knew."

As the train in which she journeys passes through a rocky gorge, and enters the desert, "a strong impression of increasing cold and darkness grew in her, and

Chagford.

"Through a dip in the woods presently peeped the ancient stannary town of Chagford."—"Children of the Mist."
(Reproduced from "Dartmoor Illustrated," by kind permission of Mr. James G. Commin.)



The White Light.

"We perceive that a whirl of change is going on in silence."
(Reproduced from Eden Phillpotts' "My Devon Year," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

the noises of the train became hollow, and seemed to be expanding, as if they were striving to press through the impending rocks and find an outlet into space; failing, they rose angrily, violently, in Domini's ears, protesting, wrangling, shouting, declaiming. The darkness became like the darkness of a nightmare. All the trees vanished as if they fled in fear. The rocks closed in as if to crush the train. There was a moment in which Domini shut her eyes, like one expectant of a tremendous blow that cannot be avoided. She opened them to a flood of gold, out of which the face of a man looked, like a face looking out of the heart of the sun."

Growing accustomed to the glare of the desert, she sees that the face is but that of Boris Androvsky, a man who is seated in the same compartment with her—"she was staring into the face of the man who had behaved so rudely at the station of El-Akbara. The knowledge gave her a definite shock, and she thought that her expression must have changed abruptly, for a dull flush rose on the stranger's thin cheeks and mounted to his rugged forehead." Something in the man repels her, and she is glad to avoid him and be free of his company. But they are destined to meet again in bizarre quarters of the desert city, and in unfrequented desert places, and her aversion dwindles and is marvellously transformed, for it is Boris who wakens, for the first time in her thirty-two years of life, the passion that had lain dormant in her till his love called to it. "'All my life I've been in prison,' she said. 'You've unlocked the door.' And then, as suddenly as she had caught his arm, she let it go. Something surged up in her, making her almost afraid, or, if not that, confused. It was as if her nature were a horse taking the bit between its teeth preparatory to a tremendous gallop. Whither? She did not know. She was intoxicated by the growing light, the sharp, delicious air, the huge spaces around her, the solitude with this man who held her soul surely in his hands. She had always connected him with the desert. Now he was hers in the desert, and the desert was hers with him. But was it possible? Could such a fate have been held in reserve for her? She scarcely dared even to try to realise the meaning of her situation, lest at a breath it should be changed. Just then she felt that if she ventured to weigh and measure her wonderful gift, Androvsky would fall dead at her feet and the desert be folded together like a scroll."

They are married at a little Chapel in the desert; there is a brief time of ineffable happiness, and then the end. Domini is aware of a deep sadness that her husband is always trying to hide from her; he has a curious dislike of priests, and shrinks from the thought of going back into the world outside the desert. Something troubles him, and she yearns to win his whole confidence, but when he gives it to her it opens a gulf between them and parts them for ever. He comes across the sand in the moonlight to where she awaits him at the door of their tent, and tells her he had been to the priest intending to confess, but could not—he could confess only to her. "He put his arms round her and kissed her, as a man kisses the woman he loves when he knows it may be for the last time. . . . 'Domini,' he said, and his voice was steady and clear, almost hard, 'you want to know what it is that makes me unhappy even in our love—desperately unhappy. It is this. I believe in God, I love God, and I have insulted Him. I have tried to forget God, to deny Him, to put human love higher than love for Him. But always I am haunted by the thought of God, and that thought makes me despair. Once, when I was young, I gave myself to God solemnly. I have broken the vows I made. I have—I have—' The hardness went out of his voice. He broke down for a moment and was silent. 'You gave yourself to God?' she said. 'How?' He tried to meet her questioning eyes, but could not. 'I—I gave myself to God as a monk,' he answered, after a pause. . . . 'Domini, did you hear me? Domini! Domini!' She felt his hands on her wrists. 'You are the Trappist,' she said quietly, 'of whom the priest told me. You are the monk from the Monastery of El-Largani who disappeared after twenty years.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I am he.' 'What made you tell me? What made you tell me?' There was agony now in her voice. 'You asked me to speak, but it was not that. Do you remember last night when I

said that God must bless you? You answered, "He has blessed me. He has given me you, your love, your truth." It is that which makes me speak. You have had my love, not my truth. Now take my truth. I've kept it from you. Now I'll give it you. It's black, but I'll give it you. Domini! Domini! Hate me to-night, but in your hatred believe that I never loved you as I love you now.'"

Through an agony of shame and resentment and despair, she comes to see that there is only one way in which his soul can ever be at peace again, and because she loves him she has strength and courage, when his love of her will not let him go, to send him from her and give him back to God. It is a brilliant and impressive book, strongly conceived, and written with exceptional imaginative subtlety.

There is more of squalor, perhaps, less of the dazzle and mystery of romance in the tragedy of "The Secret Woman," which is equally powerful in conception, and is, in its different fashion, written with as masterly a hand. The story has for a setting the green valleys and sombre hills of Dartmoor, and the beauty and terror and austere grandeur of its environment seem to grow and live in the very substance of it, as reflections live in water. The people of the drama are the primitive natural folk of the countryside, and they are drawn with a rare intimacy and fidelity. Occasionally Mr. Phillpotts makes one or other of them speak in poetical tropes and dainty similes that do not sound at home on rustic lips, and this is the one small flaw in the novel that has irritated me; for I do not find myself able to share in the objection that has been taken to the striking scene that preludes the acting of the tragedy.

This is that scene in the farm kitchen where Ann Redvers tells Anthony, her husband, that she has discovered his unfaithfulness—has seen him with his "secret woman" on the moor. He does not deny his infidelity; he acknowledges it with honest simplicity; he is sorry she has found him out, because though he could see no great harm in it before, now that she knows and is pained by it, "'tis different." He is a wonderfully artless, elemental personality, a strong man with the heart and moral philosophy of a child. He assures her that though it is true he loves the other woman, his love for her is in no way diminished; and while he is talking she looks back and recalls how often she has been coldly unresponsive to his endearments, remembers "her chilling repulses to his exuberance," and "saw how her indifference quite as much as his weakness had loosened the bonds between them."

"The woman rose to grandeur before these thoughts, and turned from his acts done to her own omitted. Her spirit was glorified by an inspiration; and she spoke and said a very marvellous thing, for her word was nobler than her own nature, and she offered him not sacrifice but mercy. In the hour of humiliation she uttered it; and agony throbbed in every tone of her voice. 'Swear before Almighty God to give her up, Anthony, an' I'll pardon 'e.'" But a great storm had been raging all the morning, and "a blast of wind and a furious rattle of the window-frame accompanied her speech. The gust brought rain with it, and dashed a torrent against each little pane. Anthony Redvers was not looking at his wife, and of the words with which she broke the silence he did not hear one syllable. But she, having her eyes on his face, believed that he listened and understood. She waited for him to answer, and marvelled to find his expression blank and his tongue still." She takes his silence to mean that he deliberately rejects her overture, whereas, had he heard, he would have given the other woman up to have made his peace with her; and this misunderstanding wrecks the sole possibility of salvation for them both.

I have seen it said that this incident mars the art of the whole story; that a tragedy so brought about ceases to be "inevitable." But surely the tragedy here grows, as all true tragedy must, out of the characters of the

The Teign.

"Down by the margin of Teign."—"Children of the Mist."
(Reproduced from "Dartmoor Illustrated," by kind permission of Mr. James G. Commin.)

chief actors in it, only no tragedy can possibly arrive at fulfilment without accompanying incidents and accidents. If Ann had been a woman of quicker passions, in the first shock of his apparent rejection of her appeal, when her hand touched the knife that lay on the table, the catastrophe would have been instant. If she had been a weaker woman, she would have reiterated her adjuration with tears, he would have heard and yielded, and there would have been no tragedy. But being the woman she was, proud, stern, reticent, she would not repeat her words or stoop to plead with him, and therefore the tragedy becomes inevitable, the accident merely opening the door to it.

The book is written with a sober dignity of style and a restrained emotional intensity that are admirably in harmony with its theme, and that two such novels as this and "The Garden of Allah" can achieve a simultaneous and immediate popularity would seem to argue that, as I began by saying, the average reader really knows a good thing when it is offered to him, and is as capable of appreciating it as is the most superior person of us all.

A BOOK OF PENITENCE.*

By WILLIAM BARRY.

THERE will be those who feel that "De Profundis" ought never to have been written; and, for my part, I shall not agree with them. Others will say that it was not for the public, and should have been kept among friends as a memorial, very sad though touched with beautiful colours; and these, I think, might be justified. But on the ways of a crowd which reads and passes, the leaves come fluttering down. They are caught up, wondered at, turned in many lights. Forgotten they will not be until, at least, the generation which knew Oscar Wilde has gone into the unknown where he abides.

* "De Profundis." By Oscar Wilde. 5s. net. (Methuen and Co.)

"'Won't you sit down?' he said again."

(Reproduced from "The Masqueraders," ["John Chilcote"] by Katherine Cecil Thurston.)

It is literature, if not great (which another age will determine) surely pathetic, in ways given to few that have expressed their sorrow and shame before the world. Severe critics have taken offence at moments when the attitudinising of the decadent comes back; but how should it not, in one so little trained to the life he was feeling after—the *Vita Nuova*, he calls it rightly—while his old self was on its deathbed? He could not fail for want of striking, paradoxical, often exquisite phrases; but in religion he was a novice. Always the artist in him had an eye upon form; as soon as he found permission to write in his cell at Reading, the man of letters dominated the convict. And in a situation so dreadful, as the wings of genius strove to lift themselves from the mire, we know not which is more piercingly impressive, the thing of dust or the "angelical" child of air, rising toward a new dawn.

As regards the unhappy prisoner, how far he changed, what were his doings afterwards in the brief season of liberty, and whether he might have been helped otherwise than it came to pass, much could be said, but not here. For in literature books have a value, irrespective of their author's personal fate or private qualities. Many readers will never learn more about Oscar Wilde than he tells them in these pages wet with tears, humble, proud, confiding, but after the manner of outcasts and the excommunicate likewise defiant. For what worse could be done to him than he had undergone? By a terrible path, lonely as among tombs, he was driven from the garden of Epicurus into the wilderness; and there to his amazement he saw far off the shining heights of a Paradise hitherto unimagined in his philosophy. The decadent, the criminal, now grasped what had been to him an utter secret, the message of Christian hope, drawn from the heart of sorrow. With an "intense and flamelike imagination" he did now apprehend, or lay hold of, the Christ to whom all stricken creatures flee. But he came to the resting-place of souls an artist evermore, noting the path, grieving yet observant, stripped bare of all but his very self. It is the confession of one that did not seek but was sought; that was made to learn his lesson in the pillory at Clapham Junction; amid the forlorn of the lower deeps over whom Society tramples. He lost

everything, and found the Master of Masters. In his book that discovery flashes and kindles to clear day with a warning in its light, a power, a sweetness, a new charm, but, above all, with a conviction for those who look steadily into it, which no after events, no side issues, can weaken. So it appears to more than one who loathe decadent works under every shape. They are not to be moved from that assurance by any failure of the man later on; for it is the inspired moment that counts, the illumination, not the dark, though it came back tenfold. Here is an argument for the one philosophy we need. It is pointed by circumstance, edged and keen from suffering that was the penalty of an evil choice. The book offers it complete. And who can mistake its drift or deny its force?

"Wherever there is a romantic movement in art, there somehow, and under some form, is Christ, or the soul of Christ." He is the "palpitating centre of romance." No doubt, sentences of this temper and make would be in their degree condemnable, as putting the greater thing, which is religion, below the lesser, which is art, if we did not call to mind who it is that writes them. We must, however, grant or insist that romantic art and literature do borrow their unearthly gleams from the New Testament; why, then, should we not say so? Is there any quality more lacking to the religion of these latter days than beauty as the Gospel sheds it over common things? If we will not be precisians and sticklers for words where it is rather the suggestion that we should make our own, this novel way of approaching the Sermon on the Mount will do us good and not harm. "Once at least in his life," says the book, "each man walks with Christ to Emmaus." Strange walk on Easter Day of the condemned with Christ, but here it is surely painted for us, in colours grave and beautiful, with sincerity of heart, with such tears as fall from the eyes of a prisoner, who has but that single hour in his friend's company.

The truest judgment on this volume and its apology, are contained in its last words, if we understand by "Nature" the Power we dare not name. Let us read and understand. "All trials," it says, "are trials for one's life, just as all sentences are sentences of death; and three times have I been tried. The first time I left the box to be arrested, the second time to be led back to the house of detention, the third time to pass into a prison for two years. Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rock where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole." Fiat!

"Loder tore the telegram open."
(Reproduced from "The Masqueraders," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.)

MR. GOSSE ON COVENTRY PATMORE.*

By Richard Garnett, C.B.

MR. GOSSE has given us a most intelligent, a most entertaining, and, above all, a most seasonable book. England is still considerably in arrear in the discharge of her debt to Coventry Patmore, whose fame, so unjustly depreciated during his life, has since his death been exposed to the still more trying ordeal of hyperbolical laudation. Some co-religionists write of him as though he were Dante and Petrarch in one; while on the other hand, it is by no means certain that his name will be so much as mentioned in any average abridged history of English literature. It is true that he is already the subject of a copious and excellent biography, and that the biographer's good taste is as apparent in his appraisement of his hero's literary work as elsewhere. But Mr. Champneys' volumes are large and costly, and there has been a real need for a work of equal sanity and more brevity. It was also desirable that such a task should not be left to a mere volunteer, but should be performed by one whose critical verdicts should be supported by the prestige of

* "Coventry Patmore." By Edmund Gosse. Literary Lives. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Taw Marsh.

"Here the mists generate, and the great cloud shadows sail; here is a trysting-place for rainbows and the rain."
—"The Secret Woman."

(Reproduced from "Dartmoor Illustrated," by kind permission of Mr. James G. Commin.)

an established reputation, and whose qualifications as biographer should include that of intimacy with the deceased. Such is the exact situation of Mr. Gosse, who, by combining the leading points of the reminiscences he had already contributed to periodicals, and entering much more deeply into literary appreciation than the circumstances of publication then allowed, has produced the precise description of monograph, light in semblance, but weighty in substance, demanded by the occasion, and adapted to win the natural man over to the admiration of an exceptional author.

Patmore is strongly contrasted with contemporary poets in one particular: there are no nice gradations of merit in his work. In Tennyson and almost every other true poet of the Victorian era, the poetic glow ranges from the intense to the subfuscan, but, dim or bright, is always discoverable. In the writings of Patmore, as in those of Sydney Dobell, to whom he has much affinity in temperament though none in style, regions of pure poetry alternate with regions devoid of poetry, black incrustations on a shining ground. In "The Angel in the House" and the earlier poems in general, this discordance arises from the mistake, innate in his mental constitution and fostered by pre-Raphaelite influence, of deeming that poetry could be made out of the insignificant and commonplace. No one was less repelled by the homely and prosaic than Patmore, but even he came to see that the staple of a poem cannot be compacted out of such stuff, and hence, instead of the epic of marriage, "The Angel in the House" remains the epic of courtship, the tritest of themes even though ever fresh, in place of the startling novelty which the poet had proclaimed his intention of offering to the world. Even this theme, which might have been replete with pure charm, was in Patmore's hands defaced by much triviality and downright prose, contrasting strangely with its general airy gracefulness and happy alliance of simplicity and wisdom. Then followed a break, due to domestic anguish, and when the poet again addressed the world in his Odes, he spoke in another tongue and another character, and yet presented the same phenomenon of merit and demerit insulated as it were without mutual contact, passages entirely faulty, and passages altogether admirable. The political poems and the invectives against the imaginary degeneracy of the age are lamentable productions, not because mistaken in opinion—Dryden has shown that very bad politics may make very good poetry—but from the total want of measure, dignity, and decorum. Elsewhere the clear and turbid streams flow together in the same channel, yet apart, one as powerless to purify as the other to contaminate. Mr. Gosse, for example, is able to quote from "The Child's Purchase" an exordium and a finale of such beauty that the reader will turn to the poem with high expectations of the intervening region, which, with the exception of six splendid lines also quoted by Mr. Gosse, he will find a mere rhapsody, relieved by outrageous conceits in the worst style of the seventeenth century poets. The reason may be that the beauty came unsought to the poet, and that the turgidity represents not his inspiration but his aspirations. Certain it is that his ambitious attempts are far behind his delineations of natural scenery and expressions of natural feeling, such as "Wind and Wave," "Winter," "Departure," "A Farewell," exquisite and flawless jewels of poetry.

The extravagance and obscurity of much of Patmore's professedly mystical poetry might well be passed over with slight notice were there not some danger of the mystical part of him being taken for the whole. The startling force and originality of his later poems have not only occasioned their predecessors to be undervalued but have hindered the perception of the fact that the best of the new music is just the same as the old, only performed upon a more powerful instrument. The earlier poetry and the later are related not as chrysalis

East Okement.

"East Okement river which runs through the valley."—"Children of the Mist."
(Reproduced from "Dartmoor Illustrated," by kind permission of Mr. James G. Commin.)

to butterfly, but as a butterfly with shut wings to a butterfly with wings displayed. "Amelia," which the author justly regarded as his masterpiece, is entirely exempt from mysticism; and although Patmore doubtless supposed himself to be uttering high mysteries discreetly veiled in his Psyche group of poems, the obvious sense amply fulfils all the purposes of poetry and fully contents the reader. Our Hyperion is but an Antaeus after all, the stronger the closer his hold upon earth. At the same time the appearance in the "Unknown Eros" of the passion so generally absent from "The Angel in the House" shows how genuine feeling may be hampered by too strict adherence to the minutiæ of ordinary life. Patmore could never manifest the full intensity of his nature till he had escaped from modern proprieties into the free air of classical mythology.

Mr. Gosse's acquaintance with Patmore began at what he justly notes as a period of transition for the latter, when he was passing from the summer of life, in his case unusually prolonged, into a tranquil but as yet by no means senescent autumn; when, though he still cherished some faint hopes of appearing as the laureate of the Virgin Mary, the tale of his contributions to poetry was made up; when, estranged from or forgotten by most of his early associates, he was beginning to find an audience among younger men. He had no more sincere admirer than Mr. Gosse, whose criticism here and elsewhere invariably reveals a warm appreciation chastened by an admirable sanity. He has never been Patmore's apostle, but he has never failed to claim for him his due place. Patmore, whose fault as a critic was rather the depreciation of other men's merits than the exaggeration of his own, was fully content with the recognition he received, and the intimacy of the two, never wholly discontinued, appears to have lasted nearly to the end of Patmore's Hastings period; before which time, partly, Mr. Gosse thinks, from secret vexation at his precipitate destruction (1887) of his unpublished "Sponsa Dei" at the bidding of a Jesuit, "he gave no longer the impression of inward serenity." Mr. Gosse's description of the Patmore of this period appears to us entirely correct, both as regards the general impression produced upon a sympathetic observer, and in matters of fact, for error in which there is indeed little room in a life externally so uneventful. If there are errors, they belong to a period long preceding Mr. Gosse's personal knowledge. He is certainly mistaken in saying that at the time of his first wife's death Patmore "did not admit, and was not indeed aware of any leaning towards Rome." He had told the present writer years before that he felt a strong inclination to become a Roman Catholic, and that the principal obstacle which withheld him was the denial of the cup to the laity. There was another obstacle which he affected to ignore, but which he would have found insuperable: we are fully convinced that he would never have become a Roman Catholic but for the death of the first Mrs. Patmore.

Mr. Gosse's view of the great popularity of "The Angel in the House" during the late fifties and the early sixties, is also at variance with our recollection, although, in the absence of authentic records of the sale, the point cannot be decided by direct testimony. He considers that, alone among the poems of the day, it balanced the circulation of the Tennysonian productions of the decade. This we gravely doubt. It was much less talked of than "Aurora Leigh," and we are very sure that it had nothing like the vogue subsequently enjoyed by Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia." It had little assistance from criticism. The reviewer in the *Edinburgh* was a personal friend; the *Spectator*, innocently intending eulogy, infuriated the author by bracketing it with "The Ballad of Babe Christabel"; even Kingsley, no grudging or ungenerous critic, thought it sufficiently commended as "simple, deep, and good." It is no doubt true that much of such popularity as "The Angel in the House" acquired came to it outside strictly literary circles. Yet, had it been

endeared to curates and Anglican damsels as here assumed, copies of early issues would be much commoner at the present day than is the case, and its popularity would have been attested by edition after edition. By 1860 the first part had had three editions and the second two: a complete edition, comprising all the four parts, appeared in 1863; after which, as Mr. Gosse himself states, the poem seemed for many years to have fallen into abeyance. Since 1878 there have been several editions, both of "The Angel in the House" separately, and of the collected works, but the statement, though made upon the high authority of Mr. Champneys, that, even without Cassell's cheap reprints, the sale up to the author's death had amounted to a quarter of a million copies, appears to us absolutely incredible.

In truth, we cannot expect that Patmore will ever be a popular poet. It is not, as we have implied, that his work is really more defective than that of the other leading poets of his day, but that the lights and shades which with them blend almost imperceptibly, with him stand apart in violent contrast. The prosaic passages of "The Angel in the House," the far-fetched conceits of one section of the Odes and the political virulence of another, will always exercise such a repelling influence on many minds that they will hardly discover the merits by which these faults are infinitely more than compensated. This cannot be called prejudice, for it is partly founded upon knowledge, but knowledge as yet deplorably incomplete. Mr. Gosse comes forward to extend it, and achieves his purpose, not by commentary which might prove tedious, but by such a portrait of his author as must convince the most stubborn distrust that the literary work of the man thus depicted can never have lacked the quality of interest.

Cranmere.

"Taw river where she glittered, an infant stream, from her cradle in Cranmere."—"The Secret Woman."
(Reproduced from "Dartmoor Illustrated," by kind permission of Mr. James G. Commin.)

New Books.

THE YELLOW WAR.*

Not yet is the time for a consecutive narrative of the thunderous drama now nearing a close, it may be hoped, in the Far East; nor do we envy the task of him who shall undertake it. The lines of battle at Waterloo were less than three miles from flank to flank, yet men are not agreed yet about the sequence and character of some of the episodes in that conflict. Round blood-boultered Mukden there has been continuous simultaneous fighting for fourteen days on a front of more than eighty miles; who shall be found equal to chronicle operations on such a Titanic scale? Meanwhile from "O.'s" "Yellow War" may be had some insight into the secret of the wonder-moving, practically uniform success of Japanese arms by land and sea. Those who care merely to stir their blood with tales of derring-do will not find matter more to their taste elsewhere, nor told in better phrase; for the author allows place to no word without its full meaning. Good vigorous English he uses, and few writers have ever had the like matter for "copy." He speaks as an eye-witness, or, at worst, as from hearsay at first hand; and his eighteen papers, which have appeared already in *Blackwood's Magazine*, are so many scenes in the armies or the fleets of one nation or another. "Although for the purpose of concealing identity the nomenclature is fictitious, yet every character in the book represents some living actor in the terrific drama with which I have been intimate during the past year."

Sometimes the actors are presented under their real names, and no pages in the book have more vivid interest than those which describe Marshal Oyama and his immediate colleagues, the Generals Fukushima and Kodama, representing between them the brain of the Imperial Army of Japan.

"These three are worthy of close observation, for they form the triumvirate that is ruling Japan's destinies at the present moment. The small, podgy, pock-marked man, whom no caricaturist could fail to lampoon as a frog, is Baron Oyama. . . . What a history lies behind this diminutive Field Marshal! He has seen the latent fighting strength of his nation develop in a single generation from the standard attained in the mediæval civilisation of the East to that of a first-class Western Power; has lived to command it in the act of overthrowing the vaunted strength of a Western Power. . . . Twelve years ago this very Marshal was called upon to command in the field against the strength of China. The opening phases of his present campaign were conducted over the very ground through which he then manœuvred his victorious troops. . . . In the present operations the knowledge gleaned in that first campaign has been worth an army corps."

No doubt; but that is only half the secret. The plans of the triumvirate might be faultless, their vigilance unwinking, their professional knowledge without a flaw, yet the design fail of effect through the imperfect execution. Of the spirit and manner of that

*"The Yellow War." By "O." 6s. (W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.)

Rough Tor, Okehampton.

"She sat under the shelter of great boulders upon Rough Tor . . . a deep organ sound ascended from the harps of the granite."—"The Secret Woman."

(Reproduced from "Dartmoor Illustrated," by kind permission of Mr. James G. Commin.)

execution, "O." gives many examples. The generals receive their instructions from the Triumvirate; they flinch from no sacrifice in carrying them out. A Japanese officer reckons the lives under his command just as so many coins to be spent in the service of the nation. To be spent—not to be hoarded. The price may be enough to effect the purchase, or it may not; *but it will be paid.*

And the men in the ranks are willing to be so spent. Not mutely, passively, ignorantly, as the brave and patient *moujiks* in the Russian battalions allow themselves to be spent; but with intelligence alight, and perfect understanding of the use they are to be put to:

"Such is the system of the Japanese: when possible each man in the army, from the general of division to the humblest stretcher-bearer, knows exactly what is to be expected of him during the ensuing day, so far as the general staff can calculate the function of any particular unit."

From a volume made up of eighteen separate anecdotes it would be unfair to the author to quote at length; but to illustrate the marvellous discipline and implicit docility of these little yellow men, we may make an extract from the narrative of how one of the outworks of Port Arthur was won. Assault after assault had been repulsed, by the simple expedient of sweeping away every column that showed above the "dead ground" below the fort. At last, enough men kept their feet in one of these columns to top the parapet, and for thirty minutes a furious hand-to-hand mellay went on within. A dozen Russians held the traverse in the trench.

"It had to end. The old colonel had fought his way through his own men to the very point of the struggle. He stood on the parapet, and his rich voice for a second curbed the fury of the wild creatures struggling beside him.

"'Throw yourselves on their bayonets, honourable comrades!' he shouted; 'those who come behind will do the rest.'

"His men heard him—his officers heard him. Eight stalwarts dropped their rifles, held their hands above their heads, and flung themselves against the traverse. Before the Russian defenders could extricate the bayonets from their bodies, the whole pack of the war-dogs had surged over them. The trench was won. The rest was massacre."

What wonder that men breathing such a spirit of sacrifice, unerringly led, have proved invincible? The book is full of such examples. No ordinary troops can prevail against commanders who do not spare their men—against men whose last desire or anticipation is to be spared. The case is one for anxious reflection by ourselves. Never doubt that our men would lay down their lives as freely as these yellow heroes. They did the like at Ciudad Rodrigo, at Badajos, on the slippery slopes of Mont-Saint-Jean. But how about their commanders? What modern British General dares to pay the price of victory? To make victory sure *whatever be the cost?* It sickens one to remember the wild abuse of the General who sent the Highland Brigade against the kopjes of Magersfontein—to recall the reiterated dogma of experts that the day of frontal attacks was ended for ever. It is wise and humane to avoid exposing your men in frontal attacks if other methods are open to you; but these are not the epithets that he will earn who forgoes victory in order to avoid exposing his men.

There is a story here about four Japanese torpedo destroyers sent out upon a special mission in the teeth of a typhonic blizzard. One went to the bottom; two managed to carry out their orders; the commander of the fourth returned to the torpedo base, and made his signal to the commander of the flotilla, that the Yellow Sea was impossible. So it was; and, unless he put fulfilment of orders before every consideration, no officer would have been justified in exposing his ship and crew to its fury. But the Japanese code lays down that "the power of discrimination in such cases is not vested in the man entrusted with the mission, but is the responsibility of the brain that formulates the plan." The careful commander was given to understand that his business was, not to save his ship, but to carry despatches; he was removed from his command, and permitted to perform ceremonial suicide.

We thank "O." for the glimpses he gives into the terrific theatre of this great war. He does not fail to draw attention to the contrast beween the ferocious and bloodthirsty valour of the Japanese in battle, and their singular tenderness for the wounded, friend and foe alike, when the fight is over.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

A NEW TALE OF TROY TOWN.*

Not many days ago Mr. Andrew Lang, more in sorrow than in anger, was writing of the present state of "the great British Novel Trade." For the "several thousands of half-educated, unoccupied people of both sexes," engaged in this not particularly lucrative industry, Mr. Lang expressed a good-natured tolerance, reserving his wrath (which, of course, in this case was only a ruffled urbanity) for those gentlemen of the press whose fortune and function it is daily to proclaim through a megaphone their discovery of a unique masterpiece. Before the end of his discourse Mr. Lang rallied a little from his depression, and admitted quite frankly and handsomely that we have still with us "a few men who can tell a plain tale with humour and spirit, and a very few who write with the natural distinction of scholars and gentlemen." So that after all we find in this criticism only a paraphrase and particular application of the general maxim of Mr. Lang's old and familiar friend, "Shacon."

* "Shining Ferry." By "Q." 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"Some *novels* are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some *novels* also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others." Mr. Lang's admission and Lord Verulam's authoritative dictum, taken together, afford an almost universal absolution. If we read the last chapter of our novel first, or rest content with the summaries of Mr. Stead, we can plead "Bacon:" if we are resolutely cheerful as to the state of modern fiction, we can fall back on "Lang." Only the case of the over-generous reviewer is pitiable and hopeless. Affectionate and cruelly misunderstood, he is a pariah dog whom no one will own. His harmless slavering is denounced by his enemies as a sign of rabies, and the recipients of his favours are mostly ashamed to be seen returning his caresses.

Among the "very few" modern novelists, as defined by Mr. Lang, and the "some few," as foreshadowed by Bacon, "Q" has long ago made good his place. Since Troy Town was first added to the map of English fiction, "Q" has given many literary hostages to fortune. In some few cases the wings of his invention have not beat so strongly as when they first carried him surely and swiftly into the empyrean of fame. But he has never paltered with his art. The familiar initial has always been a sure guarantee of the most careful literary workmanship. In these columns it may not be out of place to recall the fact that it was in THE BOOKMAN that "Q" found the earliest and most confident recognition of his gifts at the hands of the late Professor Minto—a critic whose unusual distinction it was to combine with a masterly knowledge of our past literature a fine gust and generous enthusiasm for what was good and promising in his own day. The present reviewer made his first acquaintance with Troy Town in copies of the novels which Professor Minto had reviewed, and he can well remember the carefully annotated "end-papers." Now it was a fine bit of description that was marked for praise, again a delicate stroke of wit or nicety of characterisation. But what is best remembered is a list of words, used by "Q" with a dexterous throw-back to their etymological significance, and bearing the pencilled comment, "this marks the scholar." "Q" has ever justified this hitherto unpublished criticism. His work is always scholarly, informed with distinction. In this respect he completely fulfils the requirements of Mr. Lang. When, as in "Shining Ferry," he is on familiar ground, which for literary purposes he has usurped, and has also opportunity of painting the sea and the ships, of the magic of which he knows the inmost secret—then we have a book that must be read "curiously, wholly, and with diligence and attention."

Rachel Rosewarne, the founder of the family of Rosewarne of Hall, was a fisher girl of gipsy-like appearance whose beauty had ensnared the lord of Damelioc. In every generation some of her descendants justified their ancestry. When the story opens John Rosewarne is the owner of Hall, a man who had "warmed both hands before the fire of life," not without branding himself with scars that were transmitted to his posterity. His materialism was tempered with a vein of sentimentality that led the old man on an annual pilgrimage to Warwick to the grave of the girl he had loved. Her son, who is the central figure in this story, had neither sentiment nor humour, and in him the taint in the family blood produced a demon of cruelty. For years the demon was concealed successfully under a mantle of hypocrisy, and demanded no other offerings than could be paid in the form of petty tyranny—a tyranny that sent poor old Nicky Vro, the senile ferryman, to break his heart in Bodmin Gaol. But in one dread moment, when he was saved only in time from beating to death the poor blind boy whom he had dispossessed, the man saw the blackness of his own soul and was afraid. "It happened to him now as it has happened to many a man fed upon conventional religion and accustomed to walk an aisle in public and eminent godliness. In the moment that he overbalanced public approval his whole edifice crumbled and collapsed, leaving him no stay. He was down from his eminence—down with the wild beasts; and among them the worst was the wild beast within him." Not until his own son had run off to sea and been drowned, did the man muster up courage to fight and subdue the devil that possessed him. His public penance by rowing the boat on Shining Ferry, if fantastical and crude, was precisely what was likely to occur to this very unimaginative sinner. In its way it was effective. Out of the wreck of his self-respect he salvaged sufficient to make life possible, and retired to live out his life in the dingy house "empty of human love, of childhood, of friendship."

The ease with which a novel can be summarised is generally in inverse proportion to its quality. The novels of Mr. Lang's tradesmen present no difficulties—*their* "argument" can always be briefly tabulated. But "Shining Ferry" is written after no favourite recipe. The progress of the story is well-ordered and inevitable, but it is the particular merit of the book that, in defiance of the trade-union rules of fiction, it is constructed in the loose and episodic manner, which is invariably displayed in the real tragi-comedy of human life. In his earlier works "Q" doubtless achieved successes of a kind that are not repeated here. He has written books more enthralling in their plot-interest, books more fully charged with the delightful humour possible only to inexperience and youth. But in "Shining Ferry" we find the old literary skill put to more serious uses. The humour is as insistent and as delightful as before—but it is now doubly effective, inasmuch as it is presented not by itself but as a foil to a very real and moving tragedy. In the characterisation we detect a similar advance—that is to say, a riper wisdom, a deeper and more compassionate insight, and *a fortiori* a richer and truer humour. The last of these qualities it is needful that we should underline, as our outline of the story necessarily gives undue prominence to its tragic element. For this is a book very true to life, a book that records with rare fidelity, insight and sympathy the lives of quite ordinary people, who laugh and weep and sin and repent in a way that is quite foreign to the stage, and is yet as old as Eden. In comedy "Q" has never given us anything better than Mrs. Purchase. She is "sib" to Mrs. Nickleby and Mrs. Poyser. Mr. Benny, too, is a very skilful portrait. We take to him instantly as a friend. His verses might have incurred the scorn of Mrs. Leo Hunter, but the poet would have been loved by Goldsmith, and Lamb, and Dickens.

In "Shining Ferry" (surely a happy title for a delightful book) "Q" has given us pictures of people and of scenery that many will fix into the album of memory. Nicky Vro is very lifelike. But a special meed of praise is due to "Q's" portraits of children. You may ransack English fiction and you will find no more perfectly drawn children than Myra and Clem and Calvin. The difficulty incident to this achievement is easily overlooked, although it is hard to say why this should be so in view of the innumerable failures that anyone can call to mind. The child in fiction has seldom fared well. Where it has escaped an early and untimely death—a sacrifice to the Moloch of pathos—it has generally survived only in order to harrow its parents' hearts and bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. But "Q" has broken with tradition. He has lavished on his child characterisation the full resources of his artistry. In a word, he has treated them not as types but as individuals, and has entered into their little sorrows and fears and joys and day-dreams with a perfect sympathy and an unerring intuition. Among his contemporaries there is none that can be trusted so well as "Q," in depicting child-life, to steer an unbending course between a condescending patronage and an idealising sentimentality.

CHATHAM.*

Messrs. Macmillan have not been particularly fortunate in the time of their publication of their concluding volume of the Twelve English Statesmen Series. Chatham was pre-eminently an Imperialist statesman, and for the moment Imperialism is out of fashion. Had this book been issued half a dozen years ago I could have imagined its potent influence upon the public mind, but just now when the people are groaning under the financial and other effects of war, they are more in the mood of welcoming a Walpole than admiring a Chatham. Unfortunate, too, is the selection of Mr. Frederic Harrison to deal with Chatham. No one disputes Mr. Harrison's literary power, but being out of touch with Chatham's fundamental ideas, Mr. Harrison fails to deal adequately with his subject. In order to write with anything like fervour about Chatham one would need to have his mind saturated with the economic ideas of the pre--

* "Chatham." By Frederic Harrison. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Smithian era. Chatham was a firm believer in the theory that the economic interests of nations were antagonistic, that what one nation gained, another lost; and that it was obviously the duty of England in order that she should be supreme to monopolise markets for her trade and commerce. Wars of annexation were the logical outcome of such a theory of international economics. Mr. Harrison very clearly summarises Chatham's war policy as follows:—"It was an appeal to systematise the exclusive trade monopolies in favour in that age. The fisheries of North America, the sugar, cotton and products of the West Indies, the rich and varied trade of India, the slave markets of Africa were all at our mercy. France and Spain had settlements in all four of these lands; but the absolute mistress of the seas could tear them away and could hold them against the world. Once having all the important transmarine colonies in her hands, she must, and she could, establish with them a strict monopoly of trade."

Mr. Harrison knows his Adam Smith too well not to see the futility of all this, and therefore every now and again he is compelled to deal with Chatham in a patronising kind of way which greatly detracts from the quality of the book. If Adam Smith is right, Chatham's grand schemes were chimerical, and the great battles on behalf of the balance of trade as needless as the battles on behalf of the balance of power. All through the book we see signs of self-suppression on the part of Mr. Harrison. If Chatham were alive to-day Mr. Harrison would put him in the pillory, and in language the most scathing would denounce his high-sounding Imperialism. Chatham was the incarnation of the war spirit—a spirit which is obnoxious to a believer like Mr. Harrison in pacific Industrialism.

Photo Kate Pragnell.

A recent Portrait of Mr. E. F. Benson.

Mr. Harrison is on more congenial ground when dealing with the part which Chatham played in the American Revolution. In dealing with trade monopoly Chatham was nothing if not inflammatory; in dealing with the liberties of his countrymen he was nothing if not conciliatory. His Imperialism abroad was not inconsistent with freedom at home. A strong supporter of parliamentary institutions, Chatham had no desire to see America governed on any other principles than those which prevailed at home. Chatham showed more of the true statesman when he "rejoiced that America had resisted" than when he endeavoured to secure for England a monopoly of the trade of the world. The real Chatham, the Chatham who holds sway over the minds of patriots to-day, is the Chatham who uttered those noble sentences: "America disfranchised and her charter mutilated may, I forebode, resist; and the cause become general on that vast continent. If this happen England is no more, how big words soever the sovereign in his parliament of Great Britain may utter."

However Chatham might blunder in thinking that England should have a monopoly of trade, he never for a moment dreamed that she should have a monopoly of freedom. Chatham appeals to us of to-day, because in an age when despotism was fashionable he nobly stood by the sacred cause of freedom. What a marvellous insight into the real issues of the dispute and into the future relations between England and America are shown in the famous words of Chatham: "My Lords, I am an old man, and would advise the noble Lords in office to adopt a more gentle mode of governing America; for the day is not far distant when America may vie with these Kingdoms, not only in arms, but in arts also. This has always been my received and unalterable opinion, and I will carry it to my grave, that this country has no right under Heaven to tax America. It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil policy, which neither the exigencies of the State, nor even an acquiescence in the taxes, could justify upon any occasion whatever."

Mr. Harrison has contented himself with depicting Chatham the man and the statesman. He might well have gone further and given the reader some kind of clue to his perplexing inconsistencies. These arise out of the fact that Chatham was essentially an intuitive thinker of strong dramatic tendencies. He was out of place in an epoch which had passed out of the feudal into the industrial stage. He had neither the patience to understand economic problems nor the desire to recognise the importance to human welfare of giving free scope to the trading instinct. Chatham knew his public. He knew that the old feelings of national rivalry could be roused at any time, and very astutely he linked on to them the new feelings—trade rivalries which were springing up. In this department Chatham compares unfavourably with Walpole. In largeness of ideal, in purity of motive, in patriotic passion Chatham stands head and shoulders above Walpole. His economic errors were those of his age; his courage, his nobility of soul were his own. The outcome of Chatham's Idealism and his patriotism was the expansion of England, or, in other words, the founding of another England beyond the seas. To him the Colonial system owes its existence. Chatham was the founder of the Empire, and the complex problems which trouble us to-day are part and parcel of the vast heritage left to us by the great Imperialist statesman.

Hector Macpherson.

JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE.*

In the present work Professor C. S. Terry has composed the most careful and elaborate life of Graham of Claverhouse which has been written since Mark Napier set forth, some forty-five years ago, with admirable zeal and industry, but with no pretence to method or impartiality, the materials then available for his hero's life. Professor Terry's book is much shorter than what he calls "Napier's frenzied work," but he has done much more than put his predecessor's materials into a scholarly and critical shape. He has fully availed himself of the many fresh sources of information which later investigations have opened up, as notably the Claverhouse letters, first published by Sir W. Fraser. Moreover, he has himself contributed, from such sources as the records of Dundee, the Dutch archives, and the Charter chests of Scottish houses, some new facts of value. This mass of material Mr. Terry has put together with great judgment and care, and with a fulness which is the more commendable as he has limited himself to one moderate-sized volume. He has steered between the Scylla of Wodrow, Macaulay and the Covenanters,

* "John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee." By C. S. Terry. 12s. 6d. net. (A. Constable and Co.)

From a photograph by W. A. Mansell and Co.

Portrait of the English Poet, Abraham Cowley (1618-1667).

After the original painting by Mrs. Mary Beale in the National Portrait Gallery. (Reproduced in "Women Painters of the World.")

and the Charybdis of Scott, Napier, and the Jacobites. To him Claverhouse is neither a monster, drunk with the blood of the saints, nor a chivalrous personification of impossible loyalties and enthusiasms. Prof. Terry's Claverhouse is a clear-headed, rather hard-hearted, but loyal and honourable soldier, carrying out, with but little unnecessary brutality, a policy essentially cruel and mistaken, and pursuing the interest of Church and King with the same indomitable pertinacity and single-minded regard to his party's interests that he also showed in his vain wooing of an heiress, in his chivalrous winning of his Whig wife, in heaping up his private fortune, and in prosecuting his feuds against his rivals. Perhaps it may be felt that a little of the colour, which the one-sided delineations of a Scott or a Macaulay give room for, is obscured by Prof. Terry's more scientific methods, and that the book, though ably and lucidly written, does not always quite succeed in making the man and his time live in our imagination. On the other hand, Prof. Terry evades no problems and shirks no difficulties. Specially commendable is his careful and original account of the battle of Killiecrankie, in which Claverhouse met his doom. Of this admirable study there are only two criticisms to be made. It is a pity that Mr. Terry's map of the battlefield shows the elevations and contours of the ground so imperfectly that it is not always quite easy to follow his descriptions. And if, as we cannot but infer from his account, the Highland army was facing the south-east when it began the battle at "half an hour before sunset" on a July day, how was it that the sun "beat down full in their faces" (p. 340)? If Prof. Terry can resolve this doubt, we should be well content to accept his whole view as to the details of the fight. On p. 244, Prof. Terry, accepting apparently the quaint translation of the "biremi exigua" of the *Grameid*, as "in a *two-oared* boat," gravely argues that the phrase, "if it has foundations deeper than" the poet's imagination," is "more applicable to James's departure from Whitehall in his barge, than to his departure from Dover in a sea-going vessel." Yet even royal barges are a little bigger, as a rule, than a "two-oared boat." While dealing with trifles, we may also note that the "terrible cornet of horse" (p. 134) was a terror, not to George III., but to Walpole, before George III. was born, and that on p. 246 an interview between William III. and Dundee is referred to which is not mentioned in the text. Such slips are, however, rarely to be found. Prof. Terry's book may be warmly commended to all interested in Scottish history. Its "get up" is unexceptionable, and the portraits which embellish it are admirably executed. In conclusion, we may cite Prof. Terry's opinion that there was no "Claverhouse castle," or Graham's patrimony, and his endorsement of the view that, despite Sir Walter's verse, "Bonnie Dundee" should apply to the town, and not to the man who took his title from it. T. F. TOUT.

MURRAY'S TRANSLATION OF THE TROADES.*

Anyone who has read, or reviewed, many translations takes up a fresh one with a feeling rather of resignation than of hope. He knows that rendering some classic masterpiece into English is an amiable literary amusement, a happy method of enjoying the pleasures without the severer pains of authorship. But he knows also that translators as a rule lack that original force which can alone create what is really literature, and he surmises that the book he is opening, whether it prove a little better or a little worse than most of its kind, will certainly not be very impressive or very interesting. Professor Murray's book, however, possesses both these qualities. There are sometimes obscurities in his expression, his rhymes occasionally seem faulty or forced, here and there the professor is more in evidence than the poet, but he stamps himself on the reader's mind and the interest never flags. And yet "The Troades" is a play without a plot, only a thrice-told tale set forth upon the stage, a mere portrayal in dramatic form of the shame and sorrow which the triumph of Greece brought to "the women of Troy." But the poet's voice is so strong and yet so tender, he draws the figures of Hecuba, Cassandra, and Andromache at once with such truth and such nobility, he clothes them so tragically with "the very splendour and beauty of suffering" that the whole story becomes new. It ceases only to stir horror, but excites pity, awe, and reverence. And his interpreter brings the meaning of Euripides home to us. His rendering is not dead, but full of life and energy. When Cassandra, in mad mockery of a bridal-song, hymns her coming union with Agamemnon the lines almost dance with the wild exultation of the original. And then she suddenly turns to her mother, who is aghast at "the music of these bridal cries," with the slow stern words—

> "I shall kill him, mother; I
> Shall kill him, and lay waste his house with fire
> As he laid ours.

The whole scene is intensely weird and dramatic, but Prof. Murray seems exactly to catch each rapid change of tone, so that we cease to be only readers and almost see and hear Cassandra. Or take this last farewell of Andromache to Astyanax, the child whom Homer describes as shrinking back to his mother's breast scared by Hector's brazen helm and nodding plume, but who is now to be "dashed against

* "The Trojan Women of Euripides." Translated by Prof. G. Murray. 2s. net. (George Allen.)

the stones" from the walls his father had so long guarded—

"How shall it be? One horrible spring . . . deep, deep,
Down. And thy neck. . . Ah God, so cometh sleep! . . .
And none to pity thee! . . . Thou little thing
That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling
Around thy neck! Belovèd; can it be
All nothing that this bosom cradled thee
And fostered; all the weary nights, where-through
I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew
Wasted with watching? Kiss me. This one time;
Not ever again. Put up thine arms, and climb
About my neck: now, kiss me, lips to lips."

This is not mere reproduction, but reanimation of the original. Euripides speaks to us in our own tongue and with a living voice. To call Greek as it is presented to us here a "dead language" is an absurdity. We need more teachers who, like Professor Murray, combine scholarship with feeling, and learning with poetry. If there were more men like him in our schools and universities the adjective "compulsory" would not need to be painfully associated with the study of Greek. T. E. Page.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S "FROUFROU."*

Everyone that knows anything of French plays has seen or heard about the touching story called "Froufrou." It is pretty and painful and tragic. We begin with an intention of severity, which cannot be deemed excessive; we end by forgiving the light-minded, light-headed creature who dies in grief, simply overcome by those terrible forces, that she never understood, of life and passion. A rose broken from its stem, and its leaves scattered to the winds; such is "Froufrou." Here is the same tale, partly anglicised, washed over in political water-colours, transplanted to London and Venice. That it was borrowed direct, we do not say. Why should we? Situations in romance are common property, to be seized on by the strongest. But a curious difference, leading up to some problems in art on which opinions may vary, strikes and warns us of itself quite in the first chapters.

Kitty, who is, in fact, the sole person we care about, and who makes the play, is Irish by descent, French by training, and a victim to inherited unsoundness of mind. She has a mother belonging to the doubtful world where women live as they can, where men cheat, forge, amuse themselves, and bribe the police, "un joli monde," says M. Macé, acquainted with it officially. The girl is by nature an actress, wild after enjoyment, not a bit ill-meaning, but mischievous, like unguarded fire. She cannot help that; it is in her blood. Now comes forward Mr. William Ashe, one of those handsome, heavy Englishmen, prose to the heart of them, who tumble into romantic situations without knowing what they are doing, but who will have their way all the same. He sees Kitty; falls into a "taking," as old story-books well describe the sudden onset of these frenzies; and, just when a great career is opening for his talents, marries her. An excellent first act, conceived largely, written with spirit and the knowledge of things social that Mrs. Ward displays in all her volumes; but so nearly tragic with a fatal completeness that we wonder how it is going to be surpassed. Kitty's wild nature, as yet only half-indulged, trembles on the brink of the irresponsible. Could it be kept there, a heart-rending but still human interplay of emotions would carry us to the end. Is the balance kept? The question brings on second act, third act, catastrophe. And behold the problem!

Two men, another woman, are in request for this living chess. The husband, William Ashe, having married a wife whose brain is more or less distraught, behaves with limitless generosity. Yet we cannot like him. "What does that matter?" it will be said. "Characters ought to be judged, not taken on preference." To be sure, but the liking we mean is necessary in the sense of being interested. And there is too much of the lay figure in Kitty's husband. Perhaps he does so little we can realise beyond marrying her and submitting to her caprices. Neither has the somewhat mild villain, Geoffrey Cliffe, any great depth below the surface. May it be that his clever creator finds wickedness only to shade her drawings, and does not believe in it? She writes as if to a tender Christian rhythm, all mercy and plenary indulgence. But we venture to hint that when Robert Elsmere mutes the Christian keys of sentiment, good and evil alike will lower their pitch. At all events, the men in this battle for a soul appear to be shadows. No one is real but Kitty, and this again not because the poor thing sins and repents; it is because she suffers. Her fault is scarcely deserving of the name. Mary Lyster, the other woman that counts, has a difficult, not to say an ugly, part. She revenges herself in a way which, possibly, is not untrue to feminine malice. Let the wise in these things decide. We can scarcely be persuaded that so the fall of Kitty was manœuvred. How if William Ashe had set his wife at liberty? He made the offer. And suppose she had married Cliffe, would that have contented Mary Lyster's feelings towards her once devoted follower? At this point we see the novel shaping itself in the artist's fancy, which ought not to be. Evidently, the Venetian crisis happened with more obvious yielding on Kitty's part. Since, however, her judgment, always feeble, was now shaken to pieces by her illness and her disappointment in that affair of Lord Parham's, we do not look on her as guilty of more than imprudence. The pathology, so to call it, quenches the moral lights. What could her husband do but watch over the unhappy woman till she died? Her dying does not answer the question, "Shall a man condone

*"The Marriage of William Ashe." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

From a photograph by J. Caswall Smith. **Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822).**
After the original drawing by Miss A. Curran in the National Portrait Gallery,
(Reproduced in "Women Painters of the World.")

adultery in his wife?" concerning which the Dean pleads somewhat after the fashion of Victor Hugo. Suppose Kitty had never been ill (which was an accident), how ought William Ashe to have treated her and Cliffe? To this query we find no solution.

Glimpses of great London celebrities a generation back will amuse many readers. But in the political side-scenes, for they do not amount to more, there is little we need dwell upon. The book is an effort, skilful, of course, not, however, convincing, to separate from dogmatic associations the Christian ethics of forgiveness. Naturally, when cut away from their source, they fall to mere pathos. And, as usual in these nerveless days, freewill goes by the board. William Ashe gives in first to one passion, then to another; he follows and cannot master them. Cliffe is the common literary anarchist. Poor Kitty is emotion, blown hither and thither, like mist on a March morning. But "Froufrou" has always drawn tears; and those who delight in shedding them will read her tragic tale once more.

A GARDENER'S YEAR.*

This capital book will be gladly welcomed by all who love their gardens, and, indeed, by a still wider public.

The author's earlier "Farmer's Year" made known his close and practical acquaintance with the needs of the soil and the ways of coaxing and compelling it to yield its produce. Such training could scarcely be bettered for a groundwork of self-education in gardening, for the plants of farm and garden are all related, though different members of the great botanical families find their places in field and flower-border. Thus stocks and wall-flowers are distant cousins of turnip, rape, swede and kohl-rabi; lupines and sweet-peas represent clover, field-pea, horse-bean, vetch, lucerne and trifolium; the garden atriplex is allied to mangold; and ornamental grasses, the beautiful striped maize and the stately bamboos are the garden brethren of the grain and forage plants.

The needs of the land in the way of draining, manuring and change of crop are the same in farm and garden; and, when both are under the same guidance, there is a constant and salutary interchange of commodities. The farm gives the garden its manure, and the coppices its pea-sticks, dahlia-stakes and bean-poles; the owner knows where to put his hand on a good bit of loam or peat or sphagnum; while much of it comes back to the farm pasture land, in another form of lesser bulk, in the fertilising residue of the burn-heap and the finely-sifted ashes of the plant-house stoke-holes.

Every page is crammed with record of closest observation; every item is pounced upon by a mind greedy for new knowledge and quick to assimilate. Many a mistake is made; the ways into it and out of it are described with equal frankness, much to the reader's benefit. For all who have worked the ground, and are in close sympathy with its products, know that as much is learnt by error made right as by immediate success, and the genial author tells us, with delightful generosity, of more than one case where his own opinion was at variance with that of his gardener, and where the gardener proved to be in the right.

Besides illustrations, the book has a plan of the garden. A short study of this makes the reader feel at home when any special part is mentioned, and the pictures make it all the clearer. In these, from the artist's point of view, the prevalence of iron railings is to be regretted, though no one knows better than a photographer of garden subjects how difficult it is to keep clear of them; still, in such a picture as the snow scene facing p. 372 they might easily have been avoided. But one of the illustrations (p. 173), showing clematis montana on a wall, backed by a noble group of elms, is admirable as a picture, and another (p. 186) is a delightful example of a finely-bloomed banksian rose on a house front.

A most interesting and important example of the result of observation well applied is shown in an extensive planting of marum grass in sand just above high-water mark on the author's coast property at Kessingland.

Whether it be called land-subsidence or sea-encroachment, the result is the same, namely, that many parts of the east coast are being washed away. But the tough, wiry, harsh marum grass is not only a native of sand-hills, but a *maker* of sand-hills; its roots, ramifying all around and penetrating to a great depth, retaining the sand that its presence attracts and accumulates. Acting upon the teaching of this natural lesson, Mr. Haggard planted this grass largely upon his shore, with the result that in five years he gained twenty yards of sound ground seaward and a twelve foot depth of sand. A footnote says: "Even the awful tide of the end of November, 1903, which has worked such desolation at Lowestoft and elsewhere, did no more than wash the outer rows of my marum without harming them at all."

Mr. Haggard says: "The great curse of gardening is Names." Certainly he treats the accursed things with some contempt, for throughout the book there is a looseness of spelling of botanical names and terms. For instance, "Crocus Siberica" is a species unknown to Kew, but is probably a careless shot at Crocus Sieberi. Moreover, had it been a Siberian species and named from its place of origin, botanists would probably have made the specific name "sibiricus." By the way, the pleasing variant "Siberiaca" appears in the index! Then "Lapigeria" and "Nephitos" rose, "lanciolate-acumenate," etc., etc., call out for revision. There is also a general disregard of botanical usage in the use of a capital letter for the specific scientific name.

But these are only superficial and comparatively trifling defects in an extremely useful and encouraging book. It is so sane and wholesome; so modest in doubt and even diffident in expressing conviction; so abounding in truest love of nature; so intimately attractive in its personal touches, as in the keen regret for the loss of a well-used spud—a constant, trusty companion, and in the enjoyment of that frequent garden delight, the burn-heap! Then all its descriptions are so admirably accurate and lucid, that the details of the simplest operation, such as the laying of a land drain, acquire an unusual interest, and their relation becomes more like the telling of a well-wrought tale.

GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

* "A Gardener's Year." By H. Rider Haggard. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

"G. K. C." AT PLAY.*

Madness may be either repellent or fascinating. Commonplace people remain commonplace even at their maddest, but the madness of genius is as rare and as distinctive as the sanity of genius. Colney Hatch will be forgotten before the world is tired of discussing Hamlet's madness. Now Mr. Chesterton may not be a genius, but he is certainly a man of undoubted gifts, and his originality and fertility in paradox challenge criticism even in his sanest moments. But when he allows free play to his faculty of seeing the extraordinary side of ordinary things, the result is madness of the most fascinating sort. "The Club of Queer Trades" is either the maddest book a sane man ever wrote, or the sanest book ever written by a madman. As we have the warmest admiration for Mr. Chesterton's many gifts we incline to the former view, but the world will have some excuse if it adopts the latter. Possibly "G. K. C." would suggest a third alternative, that madness is the truest sanity.

The main idea of the book is excellent. The one condition of membership of the Club of Queer Trades is that each member must earn his living in an entirely novel way, which he must have invented for himself. There is the agent for "arboreal villas;" there are the "professional detainers," whose business it is tactfully to prevent people from keeping their engagements, a somewhat superfluous calling in this imperfect world; and there is the inspired genius who provides romance on strictly commercial principles for those who crave for adventures which their unromantic surroundings seem to forbid. In form these stories are framed on the well-known detective model. Mr. Chesterton himself assumes the rôle of Dr. Watson, and a very docile Watson he is, while the part of the immortal detective is undertaken by one Basil Grant, an ex-judge, whose exuberant insanity drove him from the Bench. Of course, Grant is only mad in the conventional sense, and his methods, as an unraveller of mysteries, afford an opportunity for some shrewd hits at the inimitable Sherlock Holmes. The essence of the stories lies in the surprise at the end, and it must be admitted that the construction is ingenious, and the secret

* "The Club of Queer Trades." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Harper.)

Romeo and Juliet.

After an original painting by Mademoiselle A. Oppenheim, from a photograph by Newidein.
(Reproduced in "Women Painters of the World.")

usually well kept. But much more important than the actual story telling is the opportunity which this idea gives Mr. Chesterton of indulging his gift for satire and raillery. He makes great play with many of the conventional absurdities of modern life, and his whimsical and irresponsible sarcasm is often merely a mask for a profound criticism of the society of to-day. At other times his love of paradox is allowed to run wild, and much of the book is likely to be caviare to the general. But these extravagances are often amusing, sometimes suggestive, and always characteristically Chestertonian. L. G. BROCK.

STRANGE FOLK-LORE.*

"You will not find here one single tale," says Miss Vacaresco in her dedicatory epistle, "that is already inclosed in the books of our learned and patient folk-lore searchers." 'Tis well, 'tis very well—for the native land of Miss Vacaresco is, according to Miss Vacaresco, the best of all possible lands, being furnished with a peasantry more imaginative than one can imagine. Into this wonderland of poetry there have strayed a number of folk-lore searchers, and amongst them Teodorescu, generally accounted the greatest of all. But the treasures they brought back were disappointing, for they seemed to show that Roumania was less fanciful than Ruritania, and that the traditional poems of the Roumans were such as we from a study of the people's history and ethnography should have expected. Then arose Miss Vacaresco. She listened in the maize, she concealed herself at death-beds and sundry other spots which had escaped the learned and patient folk-lore searchers. And so she heard various songs and tales which nobody had ever heard before. It was magnificent. Then she published them in French and recited them, with success, in the salons of Paris. Later on, with the help of Miss Alma Strettell, she published them in English, calling her collection "The Bard of the Dimbovitza."

* "Songs of the Valiant Voivode," and Other Strange Folk-lore, for the first time collected from Roumanian peasants, and set forth in English by Hélène Vacaresco, who also collected the Roumanian folk-songs published under the title of "The Bard of the Dimbovitza." 10s. 6d. (Harper and Brothers.)

It was more magnificent. Then it occurred to someone that folk-songs are frequently found in their own language before being translated into others, but as it is not possible, in the present condition of Roumanian, for Emenesco, the best of their lyric poets, to give utterance to what these peasants uttered, we must assume that they sang in French. Perhaps a recording angel must employ the celestial language and good Roumanian folk-songs when they die (or enter on a new life) go to Paris. Verily, the Dimbovitza is a wonderland. But of course the learned and patient folk-lore searchers disputed with Miss Vacaresco. "Go to," said she, "you are merely professors and you are unpatriotic." Likewise Dr. Gaster, the celebrated Roumanian scholar who resides in England, ridiculed the songs, but he, too, is a professor. Then Pencho Slaveikoff, the laureate of Bulgaria, collaborated the other day in a book of Bulgarian folk-songs which he calls "The Shade of the Balkans," and when in the course of his brilliant essay he speaks of Stephen Verkovich and the rest of our Slavonic Macphersons, he says in that grim but fascinating way of his that Miss Vacaresco is another. "Yet," observes the *Times* critic, "we must remember that 'The Bard of the Dimbovitza' is a series of improvisations." Let us rejoice—for if in the Dimbovitza they can improvise so well, what shall we not get from the Carpathians, where, says the Roumanian diplomat, Monsieur Nicolas Misu, a profoundly cultured and—let us assume—a patriotic man, the peasants are more highly gifted. "Proceed, Miss Vacaresco, to the Carpathians, for the Dimbovitza is too near to Bulgaria, and even your own people confess to the truth of one of the proverbs in 'The Shade of the Balkans' as applied to the peasants of the Dimbovitza:

> A cucumber to the Rouman was sent,
> He would not eat it because it was bent."

But Miss Vacaresco says that her present book, "Songs of the Valiant Voivode," is not a series of improvisations, but consists, on the other hand, of what has "lain for centuries in the souls of our country-people." Therefore they are folk-songs which have been handed down from father to son. They have been kept away from those learned and patient

Portrait of Madame de Staël (1766-1817).

After the original painting at Versailles by Mademoiselle Marie Eléonore Godefroid, from a photograph by Newidein.

(Reproduced in "Women Painters of the World.")

folk-lore searchers, and they have providentially been overheard by Miss Vacaresco. "Take then," says she, "the precious book." It is a precious book.

HENRY BERNARD.

ANOTHER EVANGELINE.*

It has often been remarked that women, left to their own devices, would never dine, but only take tea and shopping. The fine art of the *cordon bleu* is not for them. In like manner, if they alone wrote novels—and the day seems at hand—epic, history, adventure, would die out of story-telling, and lyrical subjects would be all in all. Perhaps a little finance would survive amid the crash of worlds. But one discerns three figures, and three only, constantly recurring in a literature so bounded—the lady, the lover, and the dressmaker (by whatever Parisian title the latter is to be adorned). We have had the "Visits of Elizabeth," prompted doubtless by an instinct for exploration in search of Husbandland. Then came the "Reflections of Ambrosine," subdued entirely to the same colour. And here we are invited to pursue the "Vicissitudes of Evangeline," who tells us on page 6 that she must marry that afternoon or be an "adventuress." Even if she went on those adventures, the quest would not be different. Her vicissitudes turn round the pole of matrimony; the one thing she has to consider is how, when, where to be chosen by a man she need not detest. Being young, red-haired, an orphan, and without keepers, but knowing a good deal of French, Evangeline becomes *l'ingénue*, innocently-wicked, or wickedly-innocent; and her story takes place in two country houses, two London mansions, and Claridge's Hotel.

There is no harm in it. Mademoiselle l'Ingénue lives on the virtuous side of the English Channel. She meets people whose good conduct does not air itself, but they respect the proprieties; even Lady Verningham paints a little blacker than she is, while Mr. Carruthers, when he loses the game, goes back to Paris with a delightful submission to Montaigne's doctrine about morals being an affair of latitude. Certainly, the untutored girl writes in her Journal and sometimes lets fall in conversation remarks which, if she were not an ingénue, would be daring. But how can we suppose her to know that? Lady Ver says that Evangeline is a "snake girl"; it may be so, but a snake unfallen, in Paradise, twisting her coils harmlessly, for the fun of the thing. She is demure; again she is sly, and even saucy; without having learnt it, she acts her part to the manner born. And it was not exactly a part for the débutante. Her three suitors gave the young woman quite frequent occasions to call out her histrionic powers. The vicissitudes, as she tells them, are highly amusing. We never feel the least anxiety about Evangeline, who has caught (if caught such qualities can be) the French aplomb, or solid seriousness, that neither trips nor stumbles, be the situation hazardous in the extreme. All runs merrily on to a sentimental love match. The Duke gives his consent; Lord Robert is adorable, especially in uniform; and what more can we ask? Evangeline wants nothing more. She once imagined it was impossible to get into the seventh heaven so easily. The Duke feared that she would not stay there; hence his hesitation, which gives her a chance to be eloquent. She speaks and writes a lively style; no, certainly there is not a dull page in the book. How could there be? An abundance of sparkling phrases; a sort of foreign brightness; and a comedy drawn to its graceful close; it is not the triumph of the chef, nor must we expect it. Let us call "Evangeline" a glorified "five o'clock tea." The story fits the hour, and may be read until the dressing bell sounds. There is still a literature conceivable in which the Ambrosines and the Evangelines would play only second parts. Meanwhile, let them play.

* "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline." By Elinor Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth and Co.)

CANON AND MERRYMAN.*

One of the not over-conspicuous gaps in the increasingly uneven surface of the "English Men of Letters" series has just been well and truly filled by Mr. George W. E. Russell. The validity of Sydney Smith's claim to a place in this literary company could scarcely have been more persuasively asserted. The rapid, loud laughing utterance of the man is depicted to the life, the pungency of his common-sense periods is conveyed to us by long and well-chosen excerpts, and seasoned, it is hardly necessary to attest, with a delightful *sauce piquante* of Mr. Russell's own.

His literary estimate of Sydney is a high one. "'Peter Plymley' and the 'Letters to Archdeacon Singleton,' the Essays on America and on Persecuting Bishops, will probably be read as long as the 'Tale of a Tub' or Macaulay's review of 'Satan' Montgomery; while of detached and isolated jokes—pure freaks of fun clad in literary garb—an incredible number, current in daily converse, deduce their birth from this incomparable clergyman." "He was, I think," says Mr. Russell, "the greatest humorist whose jokes have come down to us in an authentic and unmutilated form. Almost alone among professional jokers, he made his merriment—rich, natural, fantastic, unbridled as it was—subserve the serious purposes of his life and writing. Each joke was a link in an argument; each sarcasm was a moral lesson."

This may be true as far as professional jokers are concerned, but the claim to have been a moralist among profes-

* "English Men of Letters. Sydney Smith." By George W. E. Russell. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

sional jokers satisfies us hardly more than the converse would do. Most great humorists have a serious moral purpose underlying their sarcasms. The defect of Sydney Smith's humour when he transcends the mere verbal joker is that his underlying moral purpose is of such a transparently shallow and utilitarian order. Superficially, his humour often strongly resembles that of Lamb—take the delightful passage, for instance, in which he gravely laments the unsoundness of Luttrell on the subject of veal soup. "To speak the truth, Luttrell is not steady in his judgments on dishes. Individual failures with him soon degenerate into generic objections, till, by some fortunate accident, *he eats himself into better opinions.*" This last phrase might well have emanated from Enfield or Edmonton, but in the deeper aspects of wit the layman had an insight into the diviner aspects of life which was wholly and absolutely denied to the portly and benignant ecclesiastic of Mayfair. Sydney's portrait reveals him shamelessly for the thoroughly sensible, facete, open-hearted, self-complacent, well-beneficed, enlightened, pie-crusted, nobleman's-house-haunting clerical optimist that he was. One is so delighted with the mischievous yet kindly smile that puckers the mouth that one pays small regard to the meagreness of the message it has to utter; if, however, it must be analysed, it will be found to amount to little more than these three words—"Don't be absurd."

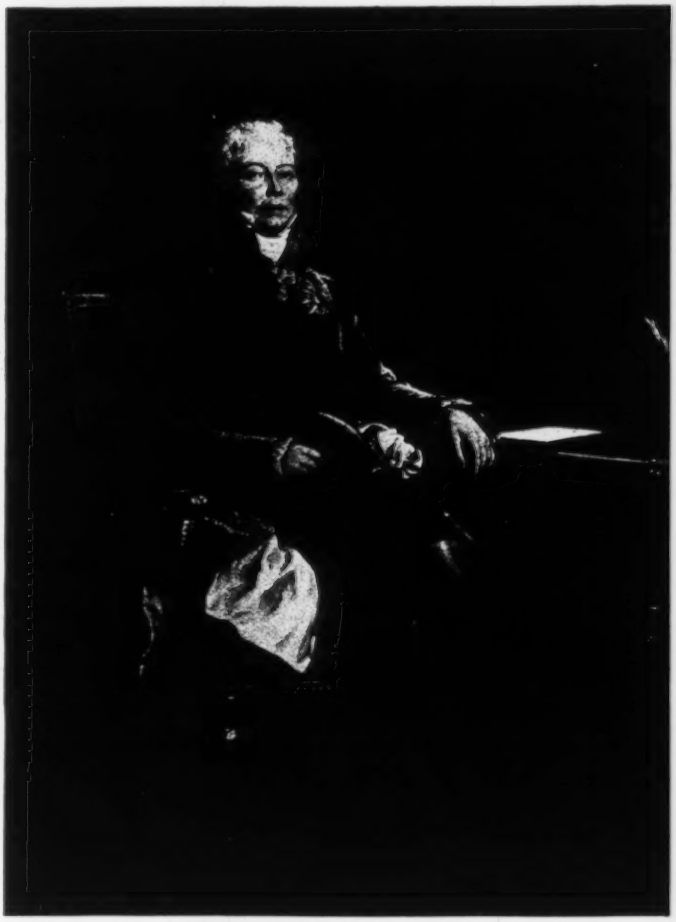
"Look at all the trouble caused by fanatics since the world began and you will agree with me in my profound convictions that digestion is the greatest secret of life." Remote ideals and lofty aspirations are demonstrably pernicious. So may we see the philosophy of Archdeacon Paley and Benjamin Franklin prolonged into the age of Victoria in the person of this eminent Whig divine and epicurean *pur sang*, who cannot discover one trait of excellence either in the Low Church or the High Church, in the follower of Wilberforce or in the young Oxford enthusiast with his "Credo in Newmannum." In the case of a man of such extraordinary facility of mind there is something not a little disappointing in the discovery that humour so rich could still be so circumscribed. One is always expecting something to be superadded—a culmination to so much talent which is conspicuously absent. The subject of how far these limitations are individual to Smith and how far due to the influence of the milieu in which he lived, that of the early Edinburgh Reviewers is a far-reaching one. Mr. Russell seems to us hardly sufficiently alive to the limitations we have indicated, but the whole subject is at least outlined with remarkable skill in M. Chevrillon's highly suggestive work on "Sydney Smith et la renaissance des idées liberales en Angleterre," a book to which Mr. Russell makes no reference in his biographical notes, and which he has apparently never seen. The extracts from Sydney's writings, as we have already said, are very numerous and very well chosen. We wish only that space could have been found for this private epistle, which seems to us an almost perfect epitome of the point of view—the Mind and Art, let us say—of this laughing philosopher:

Advice Concerning Low Spirits.

Foston, February 16th, 1820.

*** Nobody has suffered more from low spirits than I have done—so I feel for you. 1st. Live as well as you dare. 2nd. Go into a shower bath with a small quantity of water at a temperature low enough to give you a slight sensation of cold, 75° or 80°. 3rd. Amusing books. 4th. Short views of human life—not further than dinner or tea. 5th. Be as busy as you can. 6th. See as much as you can of those friends who respect and like you. 7th. And of those acquaintances who amuse you. 8th. Make no secret of low spirits to your friends, but talk of them freely—they are always worse for dignified concealment. 9th. Attend to the effects tea and coffee produce upon you. 10th. Compare your lot with that of other people. 11th. Don't expect too much from human life—a sorry business at the best. 12th. Avoid poetry, dramatic representations (except comedy), music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything likely to excite feeling or emotion, not ending in active benevolence. 13th. Do good and endeavour to please everybody of every degree. 14th. Be as much as you can in the open air without fatigue. 15th. Make the room where you commonly sit, gay and pleasant. 16th Struggle by little and little against idleness. 17th. Don't be too severe upon yourself, or underrate yourself, but do yourself justice. 18th. Keep good blazing fires. 19th. Be firm and constant in the exercise of rational religion. . . .

Thomas Seccombe.



Portrait of Charles Maurice, Prince of Talleyrand-Perigord (1754-1838).

After the painting at Versailles by Mademoiselle Marie Eléonore Godefroid, from a photograph by Newidein.

(Reproduced in "Women Painters of the World.")

THE WHITE SOUTH.*

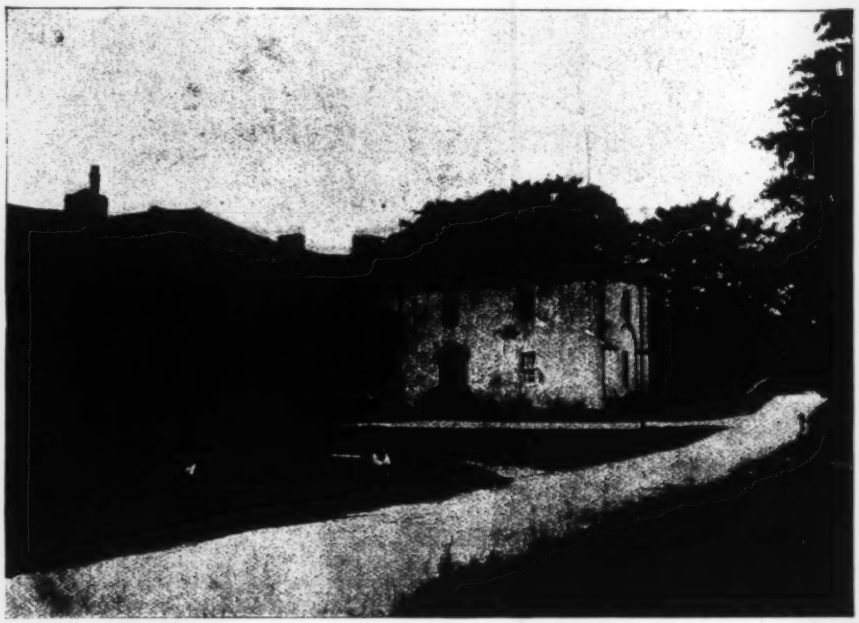
There is a good deal of the world that has not yet been discovered: remote, inaccessible, unknown places that are peopled with great dreams and all manner of mysterious possibilities; and perhaps we are not always so grateful for this as we should be. If ever we succeed in reaching the stars we shall find them only dust under our feet; and once we have mapped out every square mile of the earth and lifted the veil from every imaginable and unimaginable corner, we shall have made a rather dull business of it all; our most adventurous spirits will be deprived of occupation, and by no possibility can there be any more fascinating records of strange life and travelling in those "unfrequented deserts where the snow lies," such as Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld has given us here in his "Antarctica."

Dr. Nordenskjöld tells in these pages the story of a voyage of discovery to the South Pole. The preliminary arrangement was that England, Germany and Sweden should each send out an expedition, that the expeditions should start simultaneously, and, each limiting itself to a different tract of the Antarctic region, should pass the winter of 1902 amid the eternal snows, and return home in the following spring. But in the event, though the German expedition got safely away with the breaking up of the ice, the English and

* "Antarctica." By Dr. Otto G. Nordenskjöld and Dr. Joh. Gunnar Andersson. 18s. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Swedish expeditions were less or more fortunate, according to the standpoint from which you regard it. They could not escape out of that illimitable frozen wilderness, and were compelled to endure a long second winter there, but as a consequence were enabled to amplify and extend their surveyings and scientific researches very considerably. The Swedish expedition seems to have suffered more and more perilous hardships and misadventures than fell to the English. Dr. Nordenskjöld and a selection of his crew went ashore and established themselves in winter quarters far away in the bleak wilds of the snow kingdom, while the *Antarctic* continued its voyage in the ice-free waters under its commander, Captain Larsen, whose name is a household word with all who have voyaged into the Northern or Southern Polar seas.

But with the passing of that first winter, when "the *Antarctic* was on its way to bring off our wintering-party, it was soon discovered that it would be extremely difficult to penetrate even to such a northerly point as the place where we had our station. A twofold effort to reach us was then made; Dr. Andersson and two companions attempting to reach us by travelling over the ice that covered and surrounded the land, while the vessel tried to force a way farther to the east. Both attempts failed. The *Antarctic* was nipped by the ice and sank, and the two relief parties had to spend the winter at two different points on the Erebus and Terror Gulf, unable to communicate with each other or with us. The lot of each of the three parties during a second enforced wintering; the wonderful circumstances that attended our reunion; and our return to the world of the living on board a vessel belonging to a foreign nation, form a chapter which is almost unique in the story of latter-day expeditions."



The George, Greta Bridge.

Dickens visited this inn when collecting material for "Nicholas Nickleby," and here Mr. Squeers alighted from the coach on his return from London with the new boys.

(Reproduced from F. G. Kitton's "The Dickens Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

The book makes no pretence to literary graces. It is a plain, graphic narrative of "two years of perpetual winter spent in South Polar regions," a remarkable, matter-of-fact relation of things seen, an exact journal of a strange and eventful journey from which the adventurers "brought back the results of the first comprehensive researches within half a continent," having made "more unexpected discoveries than we could ever have dared to hope for."

Dr. Nordenskjöld's account is supplemented by the stories of Dr. Andersson and Captain Larsen, the leaders of the two relieving parties, and by Mr. C. J. Skottsberg, one of the scientists with Captain Larsen's party. The book is illustrated with some two hundred excellent photographs and sketches, and contains several maps.

THE MAKER OF NEWMAN.*

"Froude is one of the acutest and clearest and deepest men in the memory of man." So Newman wrote in 1826 of the young man, barely twenty-one years of age, whom he had been electing Fellow of Oriel. "Newman is, to my mind," wrote Froude, describing his new comrades, "by far the greatest genius of the party, and I cannot help thinking that, sometime or other, I may get to be well acquainted with him; but he is very shy." The beginning of a memorable friendship is thus recorded. It was Newman's business to take the measure of Froude, for the Fellows of Oriel, in that golden age, were not chosen for academical distinction, nor selected by a routine of examination. Men were preferred broadly for their humanity. Newman and Froude were alike candidates who had made a poor show in the schools, and were picked out by the acute judgment of the Common-room in preference to smaller creatures adorned with double-firsts. It was more remarkable that Froude could detect the shy genius of Newman, and single him out as the greatest of that brilliant company. His capacity for such a judgment was the best justification of his election. For Newman was mixed up with things that Froude hated. He was no Whig, to be sure—we must remember with Thackeray how few were the rightful wearers of blue and buff—and Whiggery was perhaps what Froude hated more than any other one invention of the devil; but he was now on the border line between his old evangelicalism and the liberalism of Whately, and these were things which ran a hard race with Whiggery for the honours of Froude's hatred. And Froude was a rare hater. Marvellous, therefore, was the coming together of these two men. There would have been collision, and much heat, had not Froude forthwith drawn Newman into his own orbit: which attraction might seem to prove that the mass of genius was greater on Froude's side, were we not dealing here with something more elusive than ponderable matter. The heart of Jonathan clave to the stripling David; but in this case it was Jonathan who survived.

Miss Guiney gives the world an oddly-constructed book. One half of it—and the half to which she assigned from the first, in her own words, "the right of way"—is a collection of judgments passed upon Hurrell Froude by various critics, from James Stephen to Dr. Barry. She comes to date, for Dr. Barry's study of Newman must have appeared barely in time for her to read it and make extracts. For the other half of her book also she disclaims originality, but over modestly. It is true that she uses no unpublished material; but there is such a thing as original composition. And this she gives. Of all the strange and daring things done by the Tractarians in their great decade, the strangest was the publication of Froude's "Remains." Here were eight or a dozen men bent on revolution. They conceived it as a restoration of paths to dwell in, but it was none the less a revolution, and they knew it. "Isaac, we must make a Row in the world," said Froude as he paced the garden at Trinity with Williams; and a glorious row they made. A safe and timid caution was not in the spirit of such men, but some measure of prudence might be expected. This prudence was thrown to the winds in 1838, when Keble and Newman pub-

* "Hurrell Froude; Memoranda and Comments." By Louise Imogen Guiney. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

lished all they could scrape together of their friend's most intimate writings. For he was of all men the most unguarded in utterance. In speech and letters he indulged that vein of exaggeration which his younger brother reserved for history and colonial politics. He talked in the raciest vernacular about the most sacred subjects, and about pious practices and opinions which he despised. The torrent of his mind was let loose upon a public which was beginning to look for propriety even in the royal family, and which in religious matters was divided between dry primness and unctuous primness. The inner counsels of Tractarianism were revealed, and behold there was no primness at all. Obviously, therefore, there was no religion. That was the swift inference, not only of evangelical critics like Sir James Stephen, but of all the dullards who were suddenly confronted with this brilliant spirit, and of all the witlings who supposed that religion ought to be dull. The public had already been made suspicious by a tract "On Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge," and with delightful flexibility resolved that these things, so crudely disclosed by the Tractarian leaders, were the dread secrets which they wished to withhold. Tractarianism was banned.

Out of this mass of materials Miss Guiney, drawing also on the published Letters of Newman, has constructed her portrait of the man. It is well drawn. The letters and the diaries of Froude are among the most precious of human documents. They unveil a soul. He carried naturalness to the verge of affectation. This young man, who thought it his duty to make a row in the world, was also one who had a fine aristocratic contempt for pose: his ambition was to be "humdrum." At twenty-three years of age he wrote down for his own guidance, "Whatever is disagreeable, whatever, at the same time, makes us like other people, is an opportunity for self-denial." He cultivated in his public writings an austere irony, in his private communications an unguarded familiarity. Miss Guiney relies on his self-revelation, but she does not neglect his inheritance. She shows how the strong fighting stock of Devonian Hurrells and Froudes was crossed by the poetry of the Lakeland through the Stebbings—that Stebbing kinship which meant so much for James Anthony Froude also, and brought him the great strength and peril of intimacy with Carlyle. She presents a fascinating portrait of a fascinating man.

The records of Froude rival in pure interest Newman's Apologia, and they have the greater value as being contemporary. It is futile to compare him with Newman, to compare a man who died at thirty with one who rose to his full height in his thirteenth lustre; but the historic interest of his personality lies in his influence upon Newman. The influence was ungrudgingly acknowledged, but its character and its intent were perhaps not fully realised by the subject mind. He drew Newman to a temporary Anglicanism, which was never more than skin deep; he gave him also an impulse which carried him inevitably out of Anglicanism. It is idle to ask whether Froude would have gone the same way, or whether he could have held Newman back. Miss Guiney, who does not disguise her wish for what might have been, deprecates the useless speculation. She is content to show the man as he lived; as he inspired an affection which yet lingers, an aversion which some of her collected judgments show to be no less curiously persistent. Her book is just what a monument of Hurrell Froude should be—half criticism, half biography. T. A. Lacey.

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF T. G. LAW.*

In the brief memoir of Dr. Law prefixed to this volume, Professor Hume Brown relates that "even when in full vigour the labour of composition had always put a severe strain upon him, amounting at times, as he himself said, quoting Cardinal Newman, to sheer 'physical pain.' This difficulty of mere expression was aggravated by a constant nervous dread lest he should have been led into some error of fact or misleading statement, perturbing him to a degree which surprised his friends in one who in other matters took life with such easy equanimity." Dr. Law's more intimate friends may have long known this; but as an acquaintance and correspondent, for sixteen or seventeen years, it never occurred to me that composition was a labour to him, or that mere expression gave him any difficulty. He told me that he was a slow worker, which did not surprise me, as I knew that he took infinite pains in making sure of his facts. An excellent scholar, endowed with a keen and vigorous intellect, unflagging zeal, and untiring patience, everything he did was done thoroughly and well. His numerous admirers will be delighted to have such a memorial volume, containing eighteen of his valuable papers, most of which were scattered, or buried, in magazines; and yet these are only a small selection from the many articles and reviews which he found time to write. The bibliography appended to this volume contains no fewer than eighty items, and it does not profess to be complete.

* "Collected Essays and Reviews of Thomas Graves Law, LL.D." Edited with a Memoir by P. Hume Brown, LL.D. (T. and A. Constable, Edinburgh.)

Caricature of Edward Gibbon, Historian.
In the Print Room, British Museum.
From a drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerk, reproduced in "Women Painters of the World."

"Basil Grant rose to his feet amid a surge of song and cheers."
(Reproduced from G. K. Chesterton's "The Club of Queer Trades," by kind permission of Messrs. Harper and Bros.)

From the engraving by H. Robinson, after a portrait by Vandyke. **James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.**

(Reproduced from "The King in Exile," by kind permission of Messrs. A. Constable and Co.)

The papers now reproduced are grouped according to their respective periods. The first five deal with mediæval subjects, and the next twelve with the second half of the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth. Some of them must have cost immense labour, and all of them manifest that fulness of information and accuracy of statement for which Dr. Law was remarkable. Two of the papers specially appeal to bibliographers, and yet general readers will find them both exceedingly interesting. One is on "the manufacture and distribution of books in the fourteenth century, or booksellers and librarians one hundred years before printing"; and the other is on "sham imprints in the reign of Elizabeth." The longest of the papers, the one on "the Latin Vulgate as the authentic version of the Church," was regarded by Dr. Law as his most important contribution to scholarship. It was written before he left the Church of Rome. The short paper on "some curious translations of mediæval Latin" is at once amusing and instructive. "The legend of Archangel Leslie" is a very suggestive study of the development and growth of a most wonderful narrative from a very narrow basis of fact. To the historical student all the papers are valuable, being replete with important and out-of-the-way information.

From a drawing by Albert Sterner. **"A Marseillaise, half French, half Italian."**

(Reproduced from "The Marriage of William Ashe," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

Dr. Law was honoured and esteemed not only as a genuine worker, but as one of the most courteous and obliging of librarians. He had been the head of the Signet Library for almost twenty-five years before he died, and proved a worthy successor to Macvey Napier and David Laing. In its choice of a librarian the Society of Writers to the Signet has ever been singularly fortunate. As the secretary of the Scottish History Society he also did excellent and abiding work—work which can be best appreciated by the editors of its numerous volumes. For the Scottish Text Society, he edited "the New Testament in Scots," and "Catholic Tractates of the Sixteenth Century." By a misprint Dr. Hume Brown refers to the latter both in the memoir and in the bibliography as "Catholic Tractates of the *Seventeenth* Century."

As a frontispiece there is a very good photograph of Dr Law, but it lacks the genial look of which a lengthened and painful illness could hardly deprive him.

D. Hay Fleming.

THOMAS CRANMER AND THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.*

The strong, sweeping stroke, the vigorous phrasing, lucidity and mastery of the period exhibited in Professor Pollard's "Henry VIII." are shown to even greater advantage in his new book on "Cranmer," as a "hero of the Reformation." The passivity of the archbishop as an instrument of cunning temper in the secular arm which nationalised the Church is fully recognised, while the attempts of some modern fanatics to belittle Cranmer, a name which has almost a sound of benediction in all old-fashioned English ears, is shown in its proper colours as a form of activity as purblind, as narrowly sectarian and as fundamentally anti-patriotic as would be the attempt of a Scotsman to dwarf the personality and to besmirch and befoul the fair fame of John Knox. Professor Pollard goes to the root of the matter. He shows us how in the sixteenth century, as in every other century, secular and political forces have moulded religion; in the sixteenth century the specific force used was Nationality, which in its task of moulding a religion to its purpose employed Cranmer as its literary instrument. Those who fling ink mixed with dirt at that instrument are plainly capable of defiling the cradle of England's national greatness. Everyone, on the contrary, who believes that it was necessary for the Church *in* England to become the Church *of* England, for Roman Catholicism to become Royal Catholicism, and for the Reformation to come as the inevitable antecedent of the wondrous development of individuality by our country in the next three hundred years, should on no account fail to read Professor Pollard's energetic, thoroughly learned and highly stimulating study.

Everyone, of whatever nationality, who has experienced the indefinable charm of our English Liturgy, that most original and yet most retrospective of all the service books produced by the Reformation, owes a profound debt to Cranmer, who combined a signal faculty for the chiming of exquisite phrases of devotion with an untiring diligence in exploring an enormous range of ancient material, adorning whatsoever he touched in the process. Unless he had succeeded, as no cheap or shallow man could have done, in striking a deep chord in English hearts, we may be quite sure that his Prayer Book would not be in the mouths of millions to-day.

Mr. Pollard's interpretation of Cranmer's character is, we are convinced, the correct one if only because it is so perfectly simple. As Froude said of Newman, he was supposed

* "Thomas Cranmer and the English Reformation." By Albert Frederick Pollard. 6s. (Putnam.)

to be insidious and to veil his purpose with Macchiavellian art. "He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men." A gentle creature of a sanguine literary temperament, and a most assiduous student, doting on Bible learning, endowed with the distinctively Christian virtues of humility, extreme placability, submission to authority, and carelessness of worldly goods, his very softness among the tigers and hyenas who crouched around the throne of Henry appealed to the better feelings of that capricious tyrant. He was not lacking in moral courage in a general way. Who but Cranmer, for instance, could be found to say a word for Anne, for Cromwell, for Fisher, More, nay, for Mary herself, when in imminent peril of their lives, or to approach the wild beast with the tale of Catherine Howard's infirmities and infidelities? But, in an age of savage reprisals and despotic discipline, he was neither a fanatic, nor a hero, nor a visionary. He was not even a theologian in the stricter sense. Distraught after over two years' close confinement by the fears of an imaginative man at the thought of a most agonising death, he was played with by the pitiless bigots who gloated over his degradation as a mouse is tortured by a cat. He was reduced to a state similar to that of Peter in the hall of the high priest, and was capable of saying or signing anything demanded of him. His very breakdown, followed as it was by his deep shame and final self-mastery, appeals to our common humanity far more poignantly than the supernal fortitude of such strenuous heroes as Ridley and Latimer. Such breakdowns were common even in that ante-neurotic age, as we imagine that they would be pretty universal in similar circumstances now. One of the most stubborn women in history, Queen Mary, had to confess in writing that her own mother's marriage was incestuous. Incestuous or not, it was, as Cranmer himself hinted, the seed plot of some of the most remarkable vicissitudes in the History of Western Europe. T. S.

FIFTY YEARS' HARD LABOUR.*

It is not given to many men to live so long and variously interesting a life as has fallen to the lot of Major Arthur Griffiths, and then to write of it so interestingly as he does in this handsome record of his "Fifty Years of Public Service."

Major Griffiths has in his time played many parts; he has been by turns, or simultaneously, soldier, novelist, artist, journalist, editor, and Governor and Inspector of Prisons. To his experiences in this latter capacity the larger part of the volume is devoted, for they occupied twenty of the busiest and most strenuous years of his life, and yielded results of which he is justly proud. He writes of his first making acquaintance with the convict class, when his military service at Gibraltar was cut short by the Governor putting him in charge of the convict prison there, and he speaks of them as the class "with whom I was to be largely associated in later years, and who, I am not ashamed to confess, were my principal means of livelihood for many years. I was reminded of this once," he goes on, "by a plain-spoken criminal, who was overheard upon 'the works' at Chatham discussing me and my merits. 'See that bloke yonder? If it wasn't for the likes of us here he wouldn't have a coat to his back,' was the disparaging remark he made, and for which he was subsequently brought before me 'under report.' There was so much truth in the estimate that I could not find it in my heart to punish him. I only told him that at least the coat had been honestly earned"—a claim that is fully justified by the unassuming history of those later years that is here set down.

Leaving Gibraltar, Major Griffiths became Deputy-Governor of Chatham "public works" prison; thence he was transferred to the old Millbank penitentiary, from the ashes of which the Tate Gallery has risen; and finally he was appointed to superintend the erection of Wormwood Scrubbs, admittedly the finest prison in the world. The building of the place entirely by convict labour, the herding and control of those not always tractable workmen, and the constant danger there was of their rebelling and attempting to escape, added something of anxiety and excitement and no little of difficulty to a task the graphically-told details of whose accomplishment make excellent reading.

* "Fifty Years of Public Service." By Major Arthur Griffiths. With Portrait. 18s. net. (Cassell.)

There are many clever and vividly drawn character sketches of famous men whom Major Griffiths numbers or numbered among his friends and acquaintance; and there are as many, equally vivid and perhaps more fascinating, in a sense, of the more or less infamous men and women who from time to time came within his official ken. He had glimpses of Tichborne; was concerned in the case of Sissons, whose murdering of a fellow-prisoner in the dead of the night is a luridly realistic bit of writing; he pictures Charles Peace as he saw him a few days before his execution, and has some capital anecdotes to tell of him. From discussing miscellaneous homicides, the Major passes naturally to hangmen, and incidentally proposes a wise expedient for superseding the odious "public executioner." Marwood is

From "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon. **Beverly.**

allowed to give his own grimly and unconsciously humorous views of the "profession" that he took so seriously and practised with such horrible ability, and here is a pen-picture of that notorious hangman that gives us the man as he lived more effectively than any photograph could. "I can see him now as he stood talking to us, and found it difficult to reconcile his external appearance with his dreadful calling. He looked what he had been, not what he actually was; he was once a local preacher and leading light in one of the little known sects, and had achieved success in the line of pulpit oratory. Be this as it may, he still dressed the part. and in his plain pepper-and-salt overcoat, dark trousers, and his wisp of white neckcloth round his short throat, he seemed capable still of engaging the attention of his audience, a very different congregation from the silent few before whom he performed with so much effect on occasional Monday or Tuesday mornings at eight of the clock sharp. His face was

hard, shrewd, but not unkindly. It was strongly marked, rugged almost in its deep lines and furrows; the eyes were quiet, resolute, and penetrating; the mouth grim, firm, and set as one of his own nooses."

The book begins with a very entertaining account of the author's boyhood; of his entering the army and taking an active share in the siege of Sebastopol, whilst he was still under seventeen; and it closes with a chapter on his "literary life," and an amusing relation of his brief and troublous career as the editor of a boy's journal.

Written frankly, even when occasional passages of it tell against the writer, and with a sense of humour and a breadth of human sympathy that yet never degenerates into mere sentimentality, "Fifty Years of Public Life" is as interesting as a novel ought to be, and more useful than a Blue Book. Major Griffiths has studied the effects of prison life on the poor wretches who have to endure it, and has strong views of his own as to the efficacy of corporal punishment, of short sentences, of certain details of prison practice and discipline, and the benefits that might accrue from divers alterations and reforms therein: he has the courage of his opinions, for they are the slow growth of actual observation and experience, and it is his forcible exposition of them here that perhaps gives to this book its chief and most abiding value.

Novel Notes.

THE HOUSE OF MERRILEES. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

A mystery without a murder, priceless jewels which vanish without a thief, a problem which might have baffled Sherlock Holmes without a mechanical criminal or a heaven-born detective, all these things sound too paradoxical to be possible. Yet Mr. Marshall has succeeded in what the most experienced novel reader might imagine to be a hopeless task. Without any of the highly spiced ingredients which go to make up stories of this class, he has contrived to build up one of the most ingenious mysteries we have ever come across. "The House of Merrilees" keeps the reader constantly on the alert. The secret is kept up to the last pages. Every hypothesis seems plausible except the one which proves to be correct, and yet the reader is never wilfully misled. Mr. Marshall achieves his end without putting any undue strain on our credulity. There is nothing in the book which might not conceivably have happened in real life. Merriless, of course, was no ordinary house, but no sensible reader will complain because it had secret passages which would be out of place in a prosaic suburban villa. The baronet was certainly eccentric, but Mr. Marshall had sufficient originality to refrain from endowing him with that badness which for alliterative reasons is so often associated with the baronet of fiction. But Mr. Marshall is more than a clever puzzle maker. He adds to extreme ingenuity in construction a considerable gift for characterisation, and a faculty for writing pleasing and natural dialogue. His characters are skilfully drawn; they are no mere puppets manipulated by glaringly conspicuous wires. More than this, they are pleasant people to meet, cultured and well mannered, the best of society. The love interest is handled with a deft and sure touch. There is no sandwiching of slices of sentimentality between slabs of mystery. It is a pleasure to praise a book of this kind, and rare to find one in which a narrative of absorbing interest is combined with so many literary graces.

GOSSIP. By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Duckworth.)

The writer who chooses to be known to the world as "Benjamin Swift," has made a mark by a series of novels of undoubted ability, and sometimes of unpleasant power, dealing with the subject of love, or rather of passion, under some of its more terrible aspects. "Gossip," however, is written in a lighter vein. It shows traces of the earlier manner, but it is not distinguished by the searching and relentless analysis which was such a conspicuous feature of "Benjamin Swift's" previous books. There is a certain note of indecision about "Gossip." The author seems to hesitate between tragedy and comedy. In the end the superfluous man is killed in a hackneyed and unconvincing way, and the book ends with a conventional marriage. "Gossip" reads more like a study for a full length novel than a finished story. The central idea of the passion of a middle-aged but beautiful woman for a youth little older than her own children, which leads her to reject the love of a strong but silent man, has distinct possibilities; but these possibilities are not worked out, and the result is a book which will not add to its author's reputation.

THE WEDDING OF THE LADY OF LOVELL. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

Tobiah the Dissenter gained victories over the devil; incidentally he was as successful a matchmaker as any Belgravian mother in fiction, though, perhaps, less voluntarily so. But Tobiah in Miss Silberrad's hands is more than this; he is a sturdy, blunt-spoken man of God, able to offer a prayer, cudgel an enemy, or outwit a villain in so picturesque and humorous a fashion, that as a link binding this half-dozen stories into a whole he is not only a good second Providence, but a refreshment to one's fighting instincts. The wedding of the Lady of Lovell—the beautiful lady imprisoned in the tower by the marshlands and in the power of an evil, unscrupulous villain—is brought about by little Tobiah. The wedding of Ann Ponsford, too, the inn servant, to Draycott Thirl, Esq.—the man she had saved from murder at the inn and rowed from the smugglers and marshmen to his new inheritance on the island—lay also to Tobiah's credit, an adventure worthy to follow those of King Cophetua. There are here six matches of Tobiah's making, described with that skill which can make the ugliest scamp worth placing in an author's gallery, which can touch everyday manners and common foibles with humour, and use broad dramatic material with that facility which preserves the dramatic quality and turns the material to fine romance. There is nothing finicking in Miss Silberrad's writing; it is good, bold story-telling of—if we may say so—a manly quality.

CUT LAURELS. By M. Hamilton. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"Nous n'irons plus au bois, for well we know,
Les lauriers sont coupés, long, long, long, ago."

This couplet from the verses which preface this novel not only explains its title, but also prepares us in a measure for what is to follow. For the book is essentially sombre in tone, and only its undoubted literary quality succeeds in dispelling the gloom that seems to shroud it from beginning to end. Jack Hamilton, born under an unlucky star, undertook a dangerous business enterprise in Egypt in order to better the position of himself and the girl whom he had married with more love than prudence. When he was captured by the Khalifa, his young wife rose splendidly to the occasion, and when the story opens, Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter are the proprietors of a famous dressmaking establishment in Belfast. Then comes the unexpected intelligence that Hamilton is free and on his way home. His wife and daughter go to Cairo to welcome him—and find that his name is a by-word; that to save his life he had taken a native wife, by whom he had a son. Katherine Hamilton again proves herself a brave and sensible and charming woman, and in time—as is explained in a novel of exceptional interest and power—the course of her love once more runs smoothly. When the novel ends, the husband and wife, after a break of twenty years, start out bravely on a new career, reconciled to calumny and misunderstanding by the complete renewal of their love. The book pursues an unbeaten track, and for that alone would be worthy of remark. Its construction does not escape entirely the faults of the episodic manner. It contains nearly seventy chapters. But there is some excellent work in it, and much vigorous character drawing.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Newnes.)

It seems to be pretty generally assumed that in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" we have the very last records of that great detective's ingenuities, but this is by no means so clear from the book itself. There is nothing in the thirteen new stories to indicate that Sir Conan Doyle has exhausted himself in this particular vein. Sherlock's methods are well known to us all by now, and therefore have lost that gloss of novelty that helped, perhaps, to dazzle us at the outset; but the later narratives are related, on the whole, with all the skill and inventiveness that went to the

making of the earlier mysteries. Though one or two may flag a little and show something of a falling off in effectiveness, the average is up to the old level. The introductory story, "The Adventure of the Empty House," is slightly too mechanical, circumstances are too complacent in the punctuality with which they accommodate themselves to Sherlock's marvellous preconceptions of them; but "The Dancing Men" and "The Six Napoleons" are as bizarre and ingenious, and "Charles Augustus Milverton," and some half-dozen other of these adventures, as exciting and entertaining as are any of their predecessors. There are casual hints in two or three of the stories at strange experiences that yet remain untold, and if they are as good as the best in the present volume, many of Sir Conan's admirers will hope that he may permit the inimitable Holmes to reappear once again before he finally departs.

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK. By George Barr McCutcheon. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Beverly Calhoun is a very charming heroine from Washington (that is how she pronounces it). Where Graustark is does not really matter, for the story has no concern with such prosaic things as history or geography. All that we need to know is that Beverly came on a visit to a little European state where revolutions were plentiful, and that on her way into the country she was captured by a very handsome and chivalrous brigand. After much excellent comedy, the brave Baldos abjures brigandage and returns to his lawful place at Court, and finds no difficulty in persuading Beverly to become the Princess of Dawsbergen. It is a genuinely amusing book, light as foam, and as probable as comic opera.

THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)

There are some authors whom it hardly seems necessary to review. They are definitely "placed" by their previous work. The reader knows exactly what to expect; a particular book may be a little above or below the general average, but it is unlikely either to surprise or disappoint. Among the number of these writers whose works may be taken on trust, Mr. Barr may certainly claim a place. It must be years since he wrote a bad novel, if indeed he ever wrote anything approaching a bad novel, and it is equally unlikely that he will ever produce any work much above the average level of its predecessors. The faithful reader can go to the circulating library and ask for Mr. Barr's "latest" with the comfortable assurance that he will not be disappointed. In a now famous phrase, "those who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing they like," or in other words, those who like Robert Barr will like "The Tempestuous Petticoat." This may sound faint praise, but in deference to Mr. Barr's numerous admirers we hasten to add that we ourselves are among that number. Besides, in these days when the unreadable books so outnumber the readable, it is no small matter for a novelist to have reached that point when he is sure of pleasing a considerable public. "The Tempestuous Petticoat," as we have said, is a good specimen of Mr. Barr's work. The hero is brave, handsome and fortunate, as all heroes ought to be; the heroine is beautiful and startling, and more than a little hoydenish, as Mr. Barr's heroines usually are. The dialogue is brisk and trenchant, the comic relief, which is provided, of course, by an American millionaire, is not unduly prominent, and the love passages are happily introduced. In short, "The Tempestuous Petticoat," if not exactly the novel of the year, or even of the moment, will serve to pass an agreeable two hours.

THE OTHER WORLD. By F. Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Nash.)

In an apt quotation on the title-page, "The Other World" is described as the sphere ruled by the Prince of the Power of the Air, whose servants are mischievous and malicious to the human race. The seven stories are all touched with a corresponding note of the weird or the wicked. "Black as he is Painted" is, perhaps, the best. But two or three of the others are even more successful in producing that uncanny feeling which makes one wish one had not read them so late at night. The worst of the book is that you must read on. One story sends you thirstily into the next, and the series would have been a perfect climax if Mr. Moore had only placed "The Blood Oranges" second, instead of sixth.

HIS YOUNG IMPORTANCE. By Ralph H. Bretherton. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The hero of this volume, young in his 'teens, is in himself a vindication of only sons. He is rich in boy slang, glories overweeningly in his strength, scorns girls, is quite normally uncivil when in a bad temper, and is at times an ill-conditioned young scamp. It is a fine character notwithstanding all this, and the book is a frank study of boy nature in troubles and in awkward situations, in ordinary happy days and in slowly-acknowledged illness. It is fair to say that the boy was more than usually blessed in the matter of parents, they took him as they found him, and did not fuss over-much; and the imaginary small family circle to which Mr. Bretherton introduces us, while again proving his inside knowledge of the child-mind, proves also his knowledge of the best sort of treatment to result in the best sort of boy.

AT THE MOORINGS. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is one of those quiet, pleasant stories, touched with a little of sadness here and there, but always with a reviving hope to shine through every cloud, that no living author writes more attractively than does Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey. It is a homespun romance of everyday lives; its happenings are always within the limits of probability, and its men and women are delineated faithfully, sympathetically, and with knowledge of the gentler sides of humanity. The story is very skilfully handled, and is wholesome and entirely interesting reading. As a book for girls we recommend it unreservedly. No book of Miss Carey's has given us greater pleasure. If it is not better than "Nellie's Memories," it is at least as good, and this, as any acquainted with her work will know, is very high praise.

LANGBARROW HALL. By T. Wilson Wilson. 6s. (Harpers.)

There is a good deal about "Langbarrow Hall" which betrays the amateur. The characters are conventional types. We have met most of them before, from the baronet, genial and good hearted, but a gambler and a spendthrift, and the younger brother, mean but successful, to the scheming wife and the wicked stockbroker. These are commonplace characters who have done duty time and again, and are none the more attractive for being familiar. Another amateurish feature of "Langbarrow Hall" is the terribly obtrusive moral. The mechanism of the story is too artificial, and we hear the creaking of the wheels as they grind out the trite moral that honesty is the best policy. Nevertheless there is good work in the book. Mrs. Wilson knows Westmoreland and Westmoreland folk, and her country people are well drawn and quite human. The story is not long, but it would have been better for some compression, and the occasional effective chapters are not strong enough to redeem it from the commonplace.

THE DREXEL DREAM. By W. A. Mackenzie. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

It is hard to say whence comes that strange delusion which makes almost every man fancy himself a born detective. Possibly it is only a symptom of that even more universal fallacy which leads the man in the street to imagine that anyone can direct a Government department except the permanent officials. Anyhow, so long as this inscrutable instinct survives, detective stories, complicated concatenations of impossible crimes, will continue to find an enthusiastic public, and many a mute inglorious Sherlock Holmes will swell with pride as he unravels incredible complications with machine-like accuracy. In stories of this type it is emphatically true that "the plot's the thing." Characterisation is unnecessary. The world may be divided into criminals, detectives, and the people who are the victims of both. In the select circle of "crime-novelists" (an ambiguous term used in a wholly Pickwickian sense) Mr. Mackenzie takes a high place. He combines ingenuity with audacity, and never allows his plot to get out of hand for a moment. The problem of constructing a detective story is even more difficult than it appears, because the materials are so limited. Criminals are sadly monotonous, and the success of the heaven-born detective is scarcely less so. Still Mr. Mackenzie contrives to make a very dexterous use of well worn material, and the idea of a burglary at Scotland Yard is certainly novelty itself. "The Drexel Dream" bristles with excitement, and ought to tickle the palate of the most jaded reader.

The Bookman's Table.

THE PILGRIMAGE SERIES. The Dickens Country. By F. G. Kitton. The Thackeray Country. By Lewis Melville. 6s. each. (A. and C. Black.)

In "The Dickens Country" Mr. F. G. Kitton has traced with his customary appreciation of detail and love of accuracy the fascinating history of byways and highways, nooks and corners, mansions and less pretentious dwelling-places with which the great novelist was associated in his life and in his writings. The picture is wonderfully complete, and induces in the reader a keen desire to visit, book in hand, the familiar places thus delightfully described. Mr. Arthur Waugh's introduction, telling the story of Mr. Kitton's last work, is a valuable addition to the volume. The second book under notice in the same series is on somewhat different lines. Speaking strictly geographically, Thackeray cannot be said to have had a "country." His literary life forms a quickly-shifting panorama of places, things and people, and this effect of movement Mr. Lewis Melville has cleverly obtained by means of filling in the interstices left by his descriptive passages with anecdote sometimes more, but often less, connected with the author's homes and haunts. The book is distinctly entertaining, and if it is less valuable to those who wish to model an itinerary upon it, there is proportionate gain to those who prefer to complete a study of the subject without crossing their own thresholds.

"WHAT I HAVE SEEN WHILE FISHING: AND HOW I HAVE CAUGHT MY FISH." By Philip Geen. 7s. 6d. post free. (Published at Friars Stile Lodge, Richmond.)

TROUT FISHING. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (A. and C. Black.)

Having lodged an objection to the title of Mr. Geen's book as too long and ponderous, there is only approval to be made. It is an unpretentious volume, so far as the writing is concerned, but it is written in a style that closely fits the themes and the points of view that Mr. Geen sets forth. It is a breezily-genial work, worthy of a true sportsman. That Mr. Geen is entitled to that designation is clear from every page. For twenty-seven years he has been president of the Anglers' Association, and in all fishing matters he takes a keen and sportsmanlike interest. He is a catholic angler. He has nothing in common with those fishermen who deign to fish only for trout and salmon, deeming other British fishes unworthy of pursuit. Mr. Geen will as readily fish in the sea (with rod and line, of course) as in a Scotch salmon-river. Of the pollack he writes with much enthusiasm, placing it first among the fishes, "by a long way," for men who desire, with an absolute rest from business thoughts, "unlimited lung luxuries, and yet to have glorious sport." The book, which is amusingly illustrated by photographs, affords much information to those in quest of English, Irish, and Scotch angling resorts that have not yet been over-patronised.

Sharp contrast with Mr. Geen's volume is afforded by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson's "Trout Fishing," a new edition of which has just been published. Mr. Hodgson is a philosopher as well as a fisher, and, in "Trout Fishing," philosophy and fishing are intermingled in most ingenious fashion. He is the only present-day writer on angling in whose work one is not surprised to find a sentence such as this:—"Whatever is conceivable is possible; and, for all that Physical Science has to say, it certainly is conceivable that the Architect of the Universe has not yet finished with the cosmos, or with the creation of man, the evolution of his understanding, in relation to it." It is unnecessary to trace the steps that lead Mr. Hodgson to this utterance from his hints as to how to catch trout. The practical side of the book is well and brightly done, and there is a diverting defence of the wet, or sunk, fly method of fishing. The author is not with those bigots (all English) who maintain that there is only one sportsmanlike way of taking trout—by the dry, or floating, fly. "Trout Fishing" has an excellent Book of Flies, done in colours by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL. Translated into English verse by Lord Burghclere. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Parts of this translation have been printed in the *Nineteenth Century*, and for private circulation. We are heartily glad that Lord Burghclere was encouraged to finish the work, for it is excellent. The metre is blank verse, and the verse is managed with great skill; the translation is scholarly, and the language is full of true taste. One of the most remarkable achievements of poetry is Virgil's skill in writing a technical treatise which is also poetry; he does not, like Lucretius, keep his technicalities and his poetry separate, giving a plain discourse and dropping into poetry now and then, after the fashion of Mr. Silas Wegg. By some magic of phrase or association, he gives a charm to the most prosaic parts of his subject, and yet is accurate enough to give instruction to the farmer. Now this translation has caught something of Virgil's charm. Let us take a passage at random.

> "And you shall mark
> The impish raven stalk the shore apart,
> And with a mighty caw invoke the rain.
> Even the maidens working round the lamp
> O' nights foretell the tempest, when the oil
> Sputters and sparkles and great mushroom growths
> Gather along the wick."

And with what simple naturalness he tells the story of Orpheus:

> "Then came her voice: 'Orpheus, what hast thou done?
> What fatal madness moved thee—we are lost—
> Lost—I—alas—and thou! O cruel fates!
> That call me back once more—now do mine eyes
> Grow strangely faint, and shroud themselves in sleep.
> Farewell, my Orpheus—I am borne away,
> And through the pall of vasty night I stretch
> These poor weak hands towards thee—hands once thine own,
> And never—never—to be thine again.'"

This verse is a real success, and we recommend it to all lovers of poetry. There is a scholar still in the House of Commons, it seems; let us hope his constituents will not find out that damning fact.

STUDIES ON ANGLO-SAXON INSTITUTIONS. By H. Munro Chadwick, Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge. 8s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Chadwick within a limited compass has given us the result of elaborate investigations into a portion of the Old English social field. While it is not yet the ideal handbook or companion for the Old English student brought up so often by apparently hopeless difficulties in his "Reader" or his texts, edited here or in Germany, it is a valuable accession to the native library on the life of our ancestors. The first part of the book is an exceptionally minute study of the Old English coinage, a study which is necessary to understand the strata of Old English society and the complexities of the laws and charters. We pass to the hidage and shire systems, to the numbers and duties of the earls and the reeves, to the "Hundreds," to the national council, and to the origin of the nobility. In every portion of the subject Mr. Chadwick brings an acute intellect to illuminate the obscurities of the researches of himself and others, and while he is fresh and suggestive, his results never seem to be exaggerated. A book done on his lines, covering the whole Old English social and economic field, would be useful nowadays when the pure philologist seems to have us so much at his mercy.

SONGS FROM A NORTHERN GARDEN. By Bliss Carman. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

One of the chief charms of all Mr. Bliss Carman's work is its apparently careless spontaneity. As a consequence, there are occasional redundancies, an occasional thinness; but you cannot have a strict economy of words and "the carven phrase, the jewelled line," without a pruning and polishing that must inevitably rob such lyrics as these of the naturalness and happy recklessness that is the secret of their charm. In two of the longer poems here, "The Word of St. Kavin's" and "Christmas Eve at St. Kavin's," Mr. Bliss Carman is more thoughtful, more deliberate and didactic than is usual with him, and moving and stimulating as both of them are, we prefer him in his less ambitious moods—in such delicate and exquisitely fanciful songs and ballads as "The Keeper's Secret," "Our Lady of the Rain," or "In a Grand Pré Garden," where the old gardener, talking of his flowers, beautifully humanises them:

> "With their innocent grave faces lifted up to meet my own,
> They are but the stranger people, swarthy children of the sun,
> Gypsies tenting at our door to vanish ere the year is done."

And again, in "The Keeper's Secret," nothing could be finer

of its kind than the elusive pathos and almost childishly quaint simplicity of this last line, where, loitering in his hill-side garden, the poet has "communion with the grass and conversation with the flowers":

"More wonderful than human speech
Their dialect of silence is,
The simple Dorian of the fields,
So full of homely subtleties. . . .

Yet very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
And so, long since, I came to love
My little brothers of the fence. . . .

Perhaps some August afternoon,
When earth is only half-aware,
They will unlock their heart for once,—
How sad if I should not be there!"

Elsewhere in the book, the same tender imaginative quality, the same subtly underlying humanity make others of the poems memorable. "Songs from a Northern Garden" cannot fail to increase Mr. Carman's reputation appreciably in this country, and should add to the steadily growing circle of his admirers.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

A substantial volume is devoted by Miss Eva Scott to the wanderings of Charles II. and the first eight of those sad years of intrigue and humiliation, of hope and hopelessness that stretched between his departure for France and his return as the recognised King of England. In **The King in Exile** (15s. net), Miss Scott follows very minutely the character-forming period of the young prince, eventful years which included the wars and risings, and the tragedy of his father's death. The pictures of the courts and the friendships and enmities at those courts are vivid, and the chafing uncertainties of the prince's life as here portrayed help largely to the understanding of his later life in England. Miss Scott's future volume will be pleasurably anticipated.

When we receive a book from the pen of Miss Eleanor G. Hayden, we know that we have the real thing, the genuine histories of country and country-folk. She knows the village mind from the inside, and reveals it without pose or artificiality of any kind. In **Travels Round our Village** (3s. 6d. net), we have a volume of three strong claims to our admiration: firstly, these amusing and heartfelt records of the lives and customs of a vanishing class; secondly, the illustrations by L. Leslie Brooks, which could not be bettered as portrayals of Miss Hayden's ideas; and thirdly—a point not to be scorned—the price, which yields a new surprise each time we turn the pages of this well-produced publication.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

Olive Varney was brought up with only one motive in life, to be the means of executing her father's revenge on the daughter of the man who had wronged him. This is the rather unprepossessing theme of **Aunt Phipps** (6s.), by Mr. Tom Gallon, who contrives, however, to make it a peg for a vast deal of sentiment. From the moment of her landing in England, when the death of a fellow-traveller in a railway accident enabled her to change her identity, fortune favoured her wicked design. But as revenge came within her grasp, the desire to use it became fainter. She loved the girl whom she had been trained to hate, and for the first time love of another kind had entered her life. The story is skilfully constructed, and the evolution of Olive Varney's better self is described with sympathy and power.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Mr. E. H. Cooper, whose recreations, on the authority of "Who's Who," are horse-racing and children's parties, has brought some of the results of the latter diversion between covers, and in **The Twentieth Century Child** (6s.), gives his views and experiences of some children he has known. We are quite sure we should not share his admiration for the young person of fourteen mentioned on p. 9, who sold programmes at a charity entertainment, and returned with an average result of three shillings and eightpence for every two shilling programme. "I just had a good look at the people," she said, "and asked any price, from one shilling to five shillings, which I thought they could pay. Sometimes I made a mistake, but mostly I didn't." She might be clever, witty, beautiful to behold, an admirable actress, and so forth, but at that age, at any rate, we would prefer a little matter-of-course honesty. Mr. Cooper is very wise, though, almost without exception, on the subject of children. He likes them healthy and unsophisticated, he deprecates smart entertainments for them, and an overplus of toys; also he declares that one half of the children he knows are bores. His book is sprinkled well with good stories, is amusing, and strong with good advice.

The thirty odd papers which Mr. H. W. Nevison has collected under the title **Books and Personalities** (5s. net), have mostly appeared as reviews. They have many of the merits and defects commonly displayed in reviews written under pressure of time. Their vivacity is generally achieved at the cost of thoroughness, and the work is extremely unequal. It is only very rarely that even the best journalistic reviews are worth reprinting, and this volume does not bring its justification with it. The longest and best item in it is an essay on Heinrich Heine, which is an extremely capable bit of criticism.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

One is asked sometimes what is the secret of the popularity of "The Roadmender," the small volume written by Michael Fairless, and published a few years ago; but most persons who have read the essays do not think of asking—they feel it, and are content. It is difficult to shape into set words the reason why that unobtrusive little book has found loving admirers in all countries and classes, but three words—not chosen for the alliteration—tell it as well as a hundred. Simplicity, style, sympathy, are Michael Fairless' means of appeal; and in the new, posthumous volume, **The Grey Brethren** (2s. 6d. net), we feel, though less distinctly, the same appeal. It is a small collection of essays, poems, and stories, with much of the old charm of subject and phrase in them, and always the beat of the heart. In "By Rivers and Streams," with its praise of running water; in "A Song of Low Degree," with its lilt reminiscent of Herrick, we get the beauty of personal thought and simplicity, and we realise that we have lost a writer of sweetness and courage in losing Michael Fairless.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

One or two cantos of "Childe Harold," and a few short poems, are all of Byron that for the most part finds a place in our schools. The inadequacy of this has at all times been emphasised by the very different reputation which Byron has always enjoyed on the Continent, where he holds a secure position as the second of English poets, and where his influence has ever been as great as his reputation. The new volume in Blackwood's English Classics, **Byron—Selected Poetry** (3s. 6d.), edited by Professor J. Wight Duff, is well fitted to rectify this error. Mr. Duff's selection is catholic and excellently representative; for its special purpose it is more commendable than even Mr. Arnold's volume in the Golden Treasury Series. The size of the book enables its editor to do real justice to all the facets of Byron's genius—as a lyrist, as an epic poet, as a dramatist, as a satirist, and as a translator. Mr. Duff's introduction is a sound and brilliant piece of work. He writes with great fulness of knowledge, and with an enthusiasm that is always well reined in by a due sense of proportion, and a practical knowledge of the precise educational goal which it is his aim to reach. The notes are extremely good. They represent the results of fine scholarship and patient research. They not only explain and elucidate, but, by virtue of the literary skill and pains that have gone to their making, they are very readable and interesting in themselves.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

The history of the ubiquitous "Scot Abroad" has no more picturesque pages than those that tell of the unfortunate but glorious Keiths, who suffered so dire a penance for their impious use of the property of the Church. No Scottish family has a record at once so glorious and so ill-fated. The marvel is that it should have been so long neglected by writers of fiction. In **"A Gendarme of the King"** (6s.), Mr. Philip L. Stevenson has made a very creditable effort to transfer Marshal Keith from history to fiction. His character drawing is careful and accurate, and in a very readable story we have an excellent presentment both of Frederick the Great and of his brilliant Scottish general. Mr. Stevenson has failed in a gallant adventure. He has essayed the grand manner of "Quentin Durward," with a very pardonable want of success. Had he chosen Mr. Weyman, and not Sir Walter, as his model, he would have achieved a better result. With a subject so fresh and good, a certain measure of success was inevitable for a much less competent writer than Mr. Stevenson. The author has hit on an admirable subject, which he has not spoiled, but has only partially exploited. It will be his own blame if he allows another to "jump his claim" and benefit by what he has discovered.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

A frankly sensational story, which is likely to win the popularity unfailingly accorded to Mrs. C. N. Williamson's writings, is this author's latest work, **The Castle of the Shadows** (6s.). In it an American girl, rich and beautiful, when out with a riding party not far from Mentone, chances upon an old castle, mysterious, almost deserted, containing a tragic secret, and—for sale. The purchase of the castle, the unquenchable desire of the fair American to solve the mystery and right the wrong, the passionate love which flames through the tale, the wicked Marchese, who is answerable for most of the trouble, and the final adjustment of matters, all these are described with a fervour which never fails. There are methods and devices we have met before, by which the satisfactory end is attained, but the satisfactory end *is* attained, and no one of Mrs. Williamson's admirers will wish to exchange it for a less satisfactory one by newer means. Mrs. Williamson knows her public.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

As Mr. H. L. Norris says in **Rice Papers** (6s.) (written during three years' service in China)—"A careful study of the illustrated weekly papers will give us a fair knowledge of the appearance of the average naval officer, and we shall also gather from this same source that when he's not rushing about after niggers with a field-gun, he's employed attending balls at various Government Houses, or talking to beautiful ladies on a huge electric-lighted quarter-deck, what time the moon calmly shines on some picturesque Mediterranean harbour." The stories Mr. Norris tells, however, are of the interludes between these joys, and all are very different from that kind of life, and some are very grim indeed. But whether

grim or lightly amusing, we feel that in them we see the real Chinaman and Chinawoman clearly as it is possible for western eyes to see them. The stories are neither true nor founded on fact, nevertheless they help towards an unhindered vision of China as it is.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

Noticeable among art-books for their low price and high excellence are the volumes in the "Art and Life Library" of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The latest volume, **Women Painters of The World** (5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. net), is a fine and conclusive contradiction of the jibe of the superior person that there has never been a woman artist. Within these covers are reproductions of scores of paintings which are worthy of unstinted admiration, not as women's pictures, but as paintings of the world. We need scarcely urge the claim of Madame Le Brun, several examples of whose work are here, nor of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, nor of Catherine Read—to mention only three; and when we look at the strong, manly work of Judith Leyster, of Lady Butler, Rosa Bonheur, Lucy Kemp-Welch, and Marie Bashkirtseff, to select but a few more, we see that genuine genius has been found to include in this volume. Perhaps, after all, the most interesting of these pictures are the older ones, painted by women in the early centuries, when women had nothing of fashion or of encouragement to make them prove their worth. In any case this collection of art reproduced with all an artist's care, including coloured plates and photogravures, and full, informing articles by the editor, Mr. W Shaw Sparrow and others, is worthy of heartiest commendation.

ANTHONY TREHERNE AND CO.

There would seem to be little doubt after reading **Children's Answers,** collected by John Henry Burn (2s. net), that, with a few exceptions, unconscious humorists are the best worth listening to. Children are serious beings, never wits; and it is this very seriousness which produces inimitable stories such as some we have here. Quotation would be easy and the best commendation of this volume, if we had space; but we have not more than space enough to give an appropriate extract from an American child's description of an editor—"The editor is one of the happiest beggars in the world. He can go to the circus in the afternoon and evening without paying a cent, also to inquests and hangings. He has free tickets to the theatre, and gets wedding cake sent to him, and sometimes gets licked, but not often. While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up every night, and see all that is going on."—He can, but it is only humorous when the child tells him so.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

On the luckiest day of his life, Acton Marsh, the famous artist, sauntering down Tottenham Court Road, passed a flower-girl of rare beauty and distinction. Her biography is written in a delightful story called **Sophy Bunce,** by Thomas Cobb. (6s.) Experienced novel readers will easily anticipate the plot. The artist invites the flower-girl to be his model, and the two fall madly in love. But the artist has already been married, and is under the impression—created by a rascally doctor—that his insane wife is still alive. Accordingly poor Sophy Bunce engages herself to a peer of the realm, but Mr. Cobb relents in due time, exposes the vile plot, and enables the artist to marry the model with a safe conscience. This is an old and familiar story—but it is excellently retold, with admirable characterisation, infinite humour, and with a sufficient verisimilitude. It is an old story that is perennially fresh, so long as it is told, as it is here, with humour, vivacity, and indisputable literary gift.

MESSRS. ISBISTER AND CO.

"There is nothing in these pages which violates those fine reticences of life which are the salt of Society," says Miss Clara E. Laughlin in **Stories of Authors' Loves.** (6s.) She is quite right, there is nothing. Of Tennyson, George Eliot, George Sand, Margaret Fuller, of D. G. Rossetti, the Brownings, Ruskin and Fitzgerald, of Dante, Keats, Shelley, Byron, and a dozen others she writes with reticence, in a feminine, at times somewhat emotional style; yet gives in each case a clear impression of a definite nature. Miss Laughlin is perhaps at her best with such a nature as Rossetti's, she gives the right values to that kind of temperament; with Margaret Fuller, too, she is able to dwell on the depth of heart which was hers as much as the strength of mind. Authors have not generally chosen quite ordinary men and women for their mates, and there are whole volumes of romance to be found in their lives. This volume gives more than the outlines of the stories, and the author gives real life to her subjects.

MR. SIDNEY APPLETON.

Quite an unhackneyed style of love and adventure story is told by Mr. A. H. Vesey in **The Clock and the Key.** (3s. 6d.) It is the story of Richard Hume, who idled his life away in Venice till he met and loved Jacqueline Quintard. Then he realised that Jacqueline Quintard would have nothing to say to love that came from an idler such as Richard Hume. The story which follows is the story of a quest, which is to prove that the idler is a determined and patient man after all, and one worth loving. It is a picturesque tale of exciting circumstances and pulse-quickening events; a frankly modern tale, yet with the glamour of Italy and a sincerity of purpose to lift it entirely from commonplaceness.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

A book to browse over is Mrs. Alfred Cock's **Country Diary** (6s.), which tells how an invalid lady, ordered away from London, finds a house in the country, alters it, furnishes it, lives in it, and enters at once into the lives of the villagers and their everyday interests. Through all this daily recording runs a personal romance with a touch of the supernatural; and the two other stories which make up the volume are impressive and distinctive in style.

MESSRS. S. C. BROWN, LANGHAM AND CO.

"K. C.," whoever he or she may be, possesses a distinct talent for presenting concentrated commonplaces in fresh and attractive form. In **Thumbnail Essays** (3s. 6d. net), we meet thoughts we have been thinking for years, perhaps, but "K. C." presents them so deftly, that instead of boring us these essays stimulate, and put us in good conceit with ourselves, and we say "how true that is!" of each point enforced. But in addition to these well-known truths there are, also, shrewd suggestions, sharp little hits at the hide-bound person, and amusing twists of thought which give spirit to these three dozen or so essays which are never long enough to weary anyone.

Reprints and New Editions.

A really charming reprint of a book which everyone should read or re-read this year, is Messrs. George Bell and Sons' **Don Quixote** It is one of the new issues in their well-selected York Library, in two volumes (2s. net each); it contains Lockhart's memoir and notes, and in its tasteful blue covers and handy form, with its daintiness and good type, is a most desirable, workmanlike publication, sightly and, also, kind to the sight.

New Books of the Month.

February 10th to March 10th.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADAMSON, REV. ROBERT M., M.A.—The Christian Doctrine of the Lord's Supper, 4s. 6d. net ..... (T. and T. Clark)

BACON, BENJAMIN WISNER, D.D.—The Story of St. Paul, 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

BALCH, A. ERNEST, M.A.—Introduction to the Study of Christian Ethics, 2s. 6d. ..... (C. H. Kelly)

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